THE

LITERARY AND FASHIONABLE

MAGAZINE,

FOR MARCH, 1808.

BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCHES OF ILLUSTRIOUS MEN.

The Nineteenth Number.

THE MARQUIS OF DONNEGAL.

TO delineate character, and to deduce important events from the private life of the statesman, or the hero, is no less the business of the *historian*, than it is to chronicle the downfall of empires, and the fate of nations, and he he has this advantage, that those of whom he writes are no longer the objects of private scandal, or of political censure: not so the periodical Journalist—he must, indeed, attend to the delineation of character, and to the detail of events; but then he must also catch the living men, and living manners as they rise, and must often consider, not what ought to be written, but what will be read.

The historian of those, whose vices and whose foibles are sleeping with them in the silent grave, has only one rule, and an easy one to attend to,

"De mortius, nil nisi bonum,"

but the Ephemeral biographer, if he would gain attention, must often reverse the rule into

"De viventibus, nil nisi malum!"——

Far be it from us, however, to insinuate that the dilaceration of private character, for the gratification of individual malice, is necessary to draw attention to the *Beau Monde*; for we are conscious, that though we might, for a moment amuse, we should eventually disgust those partial friends, who honour us with their patronage; yet still, though we are unwilling to lay the axe at the root of the tree, we will venture sometimes to use the pruning-knife.—To drop the metaphor, it is our intention, in the prosecution of our Work, to cure the vices of the world (if possible) by laughing it out of its foibles.

The subject of our present biography has been long so well known in the World of Fashion, and in the *Sporting World*, that we feel we need no apology in presenting him to the notice of our readers, accompanied by a very elegant Engraving, done exclusively for this Work, from an Original Painting, esteemed a striking Likeness.

Before we attempt to sketch the career of this Nobleman, who is yet in the prime of life, a slight retrospect of his family may not be unacceptable; nor can it, indeed, be deemed irrelevant, for though, to boast merely a long line of ancestry, is nothing in the eye of the *philosopher*, yet with the *world* in general, even this has its weight.

We will confess, indeed, that a man being able merely to enumerate his ancestors, gives him no more intrinsic merit, than the auctioneer possesses, who runs over his catalogue, lot one to an hundred; but yet, if men of ancestry, in the present generation, can, along with the

names of their forefathers, recount their virtues and good deeds, their valour and humanity in the field, their noble daring in scenes of danger, whether in foreign warfare, or domestic commotion; their inflexible integrity in public, and their honest justice in private life—then, indeed, have they a stimulus to the same general philanthropy, to the same virtuous conduct; this is one side of the picture—but we will not reverse it.

The family of Chichester is first mentioned in our histories, about the year 1100, when they were of good account in the vicinity of Torbay; and Sir William Pole, in his Survey of Devon, states precisely, that it was one of the most eminent in the county for its antiquity and the extent of its possessions. He also farther informs us, that it flourished for many generations at South Poole, in the neighbourhood of Kingsbridge, where was the oldest family mansion, and that the heads of the family had been distinguished by their public employments, as well as by their alliances into some of the most opulent families. The name originally was Cirencester, and continued so through a long train of Knights, until the reign of Edward the Third, when it acquired its present pronunciation.

In the reign of Henry the Eighth, Edward Chichester, Esq. had five sons, the eldest of whom was ancestor of the Chichesters, Baronets of this kingdom; the other four were all engaged in the wars in Ireland, and Edward, the third son, was ancestor of the present Marquis.

His services soon raised him to the Peerage, in the reign of James, by whom, as well as by Elizabeth, he was rewarded with large grants of land, in the counties of Antrim and Donnegal. In succeeding reigns additional honours were granted, until it acquired its present rank; and the idea that it came unsolicited is impressed upon us by the family motto—

"Invitum sequitur Honos."

The late Earl (and first Marquis) married Lady Anne Hamilton, eldest daughter of the Duke of Hamilton, and the subject of our present memoir was born in the year 1769.—With family connections of the first rank, and with the early promise of youth, the friends of the young Viscount Chichester looked forward to his future excellence; but, we are sorry to observe that, their early hopes were, for a time, clouded by youthful habits of gaiety, and an easy indolence, which made him too much the prey of those who surrounded him. The heir apparent to a large fortune (and his was very great) is always marked out by the designing gamester, the profligate and borrowing *friend*, and the rapacious usurer. Against the wiles of the first our laws have, though in vain, attempted to set a guard; against the plausibility and perseverance of the second, neither laws, nor the strictest prudence, can always avail; but against the third, we shall never have a remedy, until the whole law of reversion, and *post obits*, can be set aside, or at least new-modelled.

A fondness for the turf soon led our young heir expectant into a *certain set*, whose interest it was to give him a relish for its usual concomitants; and the sacrifices to Bacchus being always followed up by the rattling of the dice-box, we need not be surprized that our Peer, in embrio, was soon introduced to those accommodating gentlemen, who are so ready to make up the deficiencies of a careful father.

In the year 1791, the Earl was elevated to the dignity of Marquis of Donnegal, and the subject of our memoir, then Earl of Belfast, having attained the age of majority, became possessed of the delightful privilege of granting bonds and post obits. His innate goodness of heart, though warped for the moment, by fashionable folly, did not allow him to see the danger arising from his too credulous dependence on those who called themselves his friends; and his father being unwilling to gratify their rapacity, by answering their enormous demands, we need not be surprized, at soon finding him a resident in a neighbourhood, which, though not the most fashionable, is in general filled with the most fashionable company.

Even here a young man might learn wisdom, but we fear his studies on that subject were still too much interrupted by those who looked forward with a greedy eye to his speedy possession of the family estates.

Here, if he did not learn wisdom, he learnt another lesson—the lesson of love: a lesson, the good effects of which he is now enjoying in the bosom of domestic peace, and family endearments. The object of his attachment, the present amiable Countess, was herself at the time the child of misfortune, attending on a parent, whose misfortunes and similarity of fate had led to an acquaintance between the parties. Virtue is at all times engaging; but when, in sorrow and distress, watching the sick bed of a beloved parent, and adorned with all the graces of youth, and the polish of education, it becomes irresistible; no wonder then that the young and susceptible Earl sought a

solace, during his compulsory residence, in the arms of virtuous beauty.

On the 8th of August, 1795, the Earl of Belfast was married to Miss May, daughter of William May, Esq. and granddaughter of Sir James May, Bart. of Mayfield, county of Waterford.

This union must have been productive of much felicity, had not his Lordship been now much harrassed by law suits, in which, though he did not exactly appear as plaintiff or defendant, yet still he was dragged in as a party, and his name branded about with a degree of professional virulence, which may be thought sometimes to have gone beyond his demerits.—demerits arising from youthful folly, worked upon by the designing, and not from radical vice, or intentional wrong.—We would not be advocates for extravagance, nor would we gloss over that species of thoughtless folly which often robs the honest and unsuspecting tradesman, under the appearance of dash and fashion; but we must still deprecate the arts of those, who, in hopes of cent. per cent. will supply fuel to the flame of a youthful taste for expence; and who, by laying on the heavy hand of the law, may sometimes prevent the votaries of fashion from doing that strict justice they would wish to do when it is in their power.

Some of those *obliging* gentlemen, however, we believe, were disappointed in their *judgements*, and their *bonds* set aside; but it is not our intention, nor would it be interesting to detail the various circumstances which filled up the law reports of that period. Indeed, in having thus far expatiated on the folly of a young man, and that, a species of folly by no means uncommon, we did not wish to hold him up as an object of derision to the world, nor can it be supposed that there is much pleasure in doing strict biographical justice on such a subject.

A life spent in this manner would be productive of but few events for the biographer, and it is therefore with pleasure that we proceed to an era in his life, when he was enabled to emerge from obscurity, and shew himself to the world, in a character more worthy of his high rank, and of the high opinion formed of him in early life;—this is not the language of common place panegyric, but it is the result of information from sources of undeniable authority.

On the 5th of January, 1799, the Earl of Belfast succeeded to the Marquisate of Donnegal, by the decease of his father, and he was then enabled to begin a plan of reform, which, it is hoped, will soon put it in his power to become as useful a member of society, as he is now become an amiable one. In the prosecution of this rational scheme, he has been much assisted by the exertions and judgement of his father-in-law, although the selfish views, or rather, perhaps, the want of unanimity in the creditors on the estates, have operated as a powerful drawback.

The Donegal estates in Ireland are very extensive, the one in the county of Antrim alone being twenty miles in length, and ten in breadth, a space much larger than many of the *late* German principalities. On this estate is situated the populous and public spirited town of Belfast, as well calculated for trade, and general improvement from its local advantages, as from the enterprizing spirit of its merchants.

A century ago, this place was merely a village in a morass, but under the fostering care of the Chichester family, it has become a town of the first commercial consequence in the kingdom, and in extent and foreign trade, surpassed only by Dublin and Cork.

Many of its great and most important improvements have taken place within these few years, during which the Marquis with his family have been principally resident there, and in which, indeed in many instances, he has been a powerful patron.

He has adopted a system of domestic arrangement, in unison with the plans necessary for the disembarrassment of his great estates, and alike conducive to his own happiness and to the comfort of his numerous tenantry, uniting a hospitable politeness to the superior ranks, with every attention of kindness and assistance to the lower classes of society, particularly those whose immediate wants require the fostering hand of charity.

In the furtherance of these pleasing objects, the Countess herself is an active assistant, in some instances prompting, and in all instances animating her lovely fellow labourers, in the divine cause of charity, by her example, and open purse.

Under her auspices there are some institutions worthy of imitation in larger towns, particularly one, by which, at an expence comparatively trifling, a number of poor women are attended, during parturition, at their own homes, are supplied not only with medicines, but the necessary food, and in all cases where necessary, with clothing, not only for the mother, but the infant.

The charitable and literary institutions of every kind, have also met a warm patron in

the Marquis; and there is one now in embrio, to which he has generously given a grant of ground for its erection, and other necessary purposes—an institution which bids fair to open a new era in the literary course of education in Ireland, and will do more practical good in the course of twenty years, for the general interests of Ireland, than all the *debates* which might be spun out about its amelioration in the same space of time; we allude to the college which is founding on rational, extensive, and liberal principles, in the town of Belfast; and which, it is to be hoped, will render it unnecessary for the gentlemen of the North to seek for education in other countries, except in the cases of divinity and medicine. In the former of these studies, Edinburgh will naturally, for some time at least, be resorted to by the candidates for the Presbyterian ministry; in the latter, its known excellence must always give it a preference.

In these laudable pursuits, have some of the late years of our biographical subject been spent, and we are happy to represent him, as he is now universally considered on his estates, as a kind and worthy landland, a benevolent well-meaning member of society, and alike worthy of imitation in the conjugal and paternal relations. By his amiable Countess he has now three children, George Hamilton Chichester Earl of Belfast, born in February, 1797—Edward, born June, 1799, and another son, born in 1805.

In politics, his Lordship has never taken any decided part, but he has always patronized those measures on his estates which tended to public happiness and general loyalty, without, at the same time, being the slave of any set of men. His titles and dates of creation, are as follow—Baron and Viscount Chichester, 1625, Earl of Donnegal, 1647, Baron Fisherwick of the kingdom of Great Britain, 1790, and Marquis of Donnegal, in the year 1791.

HISTORY.

BRAZIL,

(Concluded from page 71.)

THE Revolution which, in 1640, placed the House of Braganza on the throne of Portugal, enabled the Mother Country to pay that attention to her Colonies which they required; and the treaty of 1661, by removing the Dutch garrisons, and securing to Portugal the undivided sovereignty of this valuable colony, rendered it to her an object of the first importance.

The first regulations attempted, were to ameliorate the condition of the native Brazilians, who had either submitted to the power of the colonists, or who might hereafter be persuaded to join in the general plan of civilization. Upon investigating more fully their nature and disposition, it was ascertained, that those accounts which represented them as impatient of controul, were totally without foundation. It was natural enough, in a country divided into small tribes and engaged in constant warfare, that the first sight of Europeans should inspire them with doubt and distrust; and when the Europeans, forgetful of their rights, attempted to reduce them to a state of slavery, their spirit of revenge was sufficient to render them ferocious. They were, however, found true to their promises, observant of the treaties formed with them, and generously attentive in the exercise of hospitality.

The Portuguese having formed juster ideas of these simple people, began to collect them in little villages, not only along the coast but also in the interior of the country.

The exertions of the missionaries contributed much to this general plan of civilization, as they formed many establishments, persuading the Indians to work for them, thus introducing them to habits of industry. Some were employed in hunting, or fishing, in raising the cassada, and other nutritious roots; others in the manufacture of their native cotton into girdles or sashes, into hammocks, and other useful articles. The most laborious employed themselves in cutting the woods of the forest, for exportation to Europe, but none were willing to engage themselves in any *domestic* service with the colonists.

By these means a spirit of quiet and subordination was introduced, and the settlers have never since been molested by them. During this system of amelioration in the colony, some of the settlers were engaged in extending its

bounds; in this pursuit they advanced as far to the north as the river of Amazons, and on the southward to the banks of La Plata.

The river of Amazons has long been famous for its immense length of course, from its rise to its conflux with the ocean, to which it is one of the largest tributaries; in its first opening to day, it bursts in innumerable torrents down the steep sides of the Andes, then collecting its waters in a spacious plain, it flows on through a progress of above eleven hundred leagues, receiving supplies from a variety of smaller rivers, some of which are equal to the largest rivers of Europe; and towards its mouth is interspersed with many islands, which are too often overflowed to admit of habitation or culture.

The entrance of this river, was first discovered in 1500, by Vincent Pincon, one of the companions of the daring Columbus, and its source is supposed to have been explored by Gonzalo Pizarro about thirty years afterwards.

The historians of that day relate many romantic adventures of Orellana, who embarked on it, and traced it nearly through its whole course; but his observations must have been very much contracted, as he was obliged to fight his way, and to give battle to the various nations who opposed his progress, either attacking him in their canoes, or obstructing his landing, by pouring showers of arrows on him from the shore.

About the year 1610 some Spanish missionaries had established settlements on the upper part of the river; and the Jesuits were anxious to do the same for their own countrymen. Accordingly, at the distance of six or seven days journey below the settlement of St. Ignacio de Pevas, the last under the jurisdiction, they formed the settlement of St. Paul and five other villages, some of which owe their origin in a great measure to the Carmelite Friars, who had also engaged in this work of civilization—They are all described as being on the south side of the river, and exhibiting a pleasing view of civil life, in its most simple state.

In 1679 the Portuguese extended their settlements on the river La Plata, where they formed the colony of St. Sacramento; thus opening to themselves more important channels of Commerce.

The new settlement now began to carry on a great trade with Buenos Ayres; indeed this trade had always existed, but not to so great an extent. Rio Janeiro supplied the Spaniards, by this opening, with sugar, tobacco, wine, brandy, negroes, and woollens; and the Spaniards gave in return flour, bread, salted and dried meat, and also money.

The Court of Madrid, began to feel much uneasiness at the treasure being thus diverted from the Mother Country, and many discussions ensued between the two Courts. At length a treaty was agreed on in the year 1750, that Portugal should deliver up to Spain the colony of San Sacramento, and the northern border of the La Plata; Portugal receiving in return some trifling cessions in the interior.

The Court of Lisbon had now for some time considered this colony of great value, from the discovery of the gold mines, which took place about 1700, and also from that of the diamonds at a later period. The circumstances which led to the first discovery have been variously related, but the most received opinion is, that it was made by some traders who went into the interior in 1695.—They met with some of the natives, who in exchange for their goods, gave them gold dust, which they said was procured from a distant region.

Some years after this a detachment of troops which had been sent to quell some disturbance in the inland parts, found on their march some golden fish-hooks, and were informed by the natives, that many torrents rushing down from mountains, in the rainy season, brought gold into the rivers and streams of the lower country. On bringing this report to the seat of government a strict search was made, and some rocks were found which appeared to contain gold, and a large vein of this precious metal was also discovered which, however, would not pay the expence of working it.

After many fruitless experiments the colonists were obliged to content themselves, with picking the gold from the sand in the rivulets when the torrents had subsided; and this process has been very successful, in a great extent of country, particularly round Villarica.—Grants of land, on certain conditions, are easily obtained from the government, by any person who chuses to encounter the risk. The slaves are always employed in looking for the gold in the beds of the torrents and of the rivers, and in separating it from the sand and mud, in which it is concealed. The ordinary custom is, that each slave is expected to bring in the eighth part of an ounce per day; and when any of them are fortunate enough to procure a greater quantity, it becomes their own property. Many of these slaves acquire enough to purchase others to do their work

for them, and they themselves imitate their masters in idleness and luxury.

If the quantity of gold, annually produced in Brazil, was to be estimated only by the fifth which belongs to the Crown, it might fairly be valued at upwards of two millions sterling; but as there is much smuggling and concealment to avoid the royal dues, we shall not exaggerate in calling it, at least, half a million more.

In addition to this source of wealth, there soon sprung up another, in the Diamond Mines, which were discovered in the interior.

It had for some time been feared, that the constant wars in India, by depopulating the country, would put a stop to the collection of the diamonds, and thus materially enhance their value; but these fears were soon ended by the discovery of a source almost inexhaustible in the Captainship of Serra-do-Frio, in this colony.

Some of the slaves, in searching for the gold, had discovered many bright pebbles, which they threw away amongst the sand and gravel; but some people who were more curious, and suspected them to be of value, preserved them, and shewed some specimens to Don Pedro d'Almeyda, the Governor General. Having formerly been on service at Goa, where he had been accustomed to see the diamond in its rough state, he suspected what they were, and sent some of them home for investigation. The Court of Lisbon, roused by this discovery, immediately sent them to the Portuguese Ambassador in Holland, when, on putting them into the hands of skilful jewellers, they were declared to be real diamonds.

A general spirit of search was now excited, and the fleet from Rio Janeiro, brought home the first year upwards of one thousand ounces. The plenty thus produced, and promising to increase, reduced their price considerably; however, to guard against this, the Government took such measures as have kept them at their original value.

A company was formed with an exclusive right of searching for and selling these diamonds, and to restrain this search within certain bounds, it was made a condition that they should never employ more than 600 slaves in the business, and that only at certain seasons of the year. All diamonds above a certain size are also the property of the Crown; and laws were passed, not only forbidding all persons, on pain of death, from intruding on this privilege, but even removing the inhabitants from a large district, and making a complete desert of all the country surrounding this valuable spot. Indeed throughout a space of three hundred miles, there is but one village left, and that is inhabited by the Company's slaves. The diamonds in their rough state, were principally bought by England and Holland, where they were cut, and then dispersed over Europe. They are not, however, considered equal to those from the East Indies, nor do they sparkle so much; indeed they are generally reckoned worth ten or fifteen per cent less, at equal weights.

It is not exactly known whether these diamonds are formed in the vallies, where they are found, or washed down by the torrents, but the latter is most probable, as they are found in the greatest quantities after the rainy season.

At the first settlement of the colony, San Salvador was the capital; this town is situated on All Saints Bay, which is large and commodious. It is in length upwards of twelve leagues, and interspersed with a number of small islands, which are highly cultivated, and present an enchanting prospect. Becoming narrow towards the bottom, this bay might be easily fortified against any attack, and is at present commanded by the town, which is agreeably situated on the side of a hill, and consists of upwards of two thousand houses, built with great magnificence on the outside, but like all other Portuguese houses, destitute of all comfort and neatness within, although the furniture is still rich and gaudy.

By an ancient law, all gold and silver, stuffs, &c. are forbidden to the Portuguese, this does not prevent them from ornamenting themselves with the richest crosses and rosaries, and the ornaments forbidden to themselves are profusely lavished on their attendant slaves.

The steepness of the streets prevents the use of coaches, but the opulent are carried about in great state in hammocks made of cotton. There, stretched at his ease, his head resting on a velvet cushion, the indolent Portuguese is carried from house to house, where the visited receive their guests in the same luxurious manner.

The native jealousy of the Portuguese, is strictly adhered to in this city, the women never being allowed to go out except to church; this restraint, however, only tends to make them more anxious for intrigue, though a secret death from the stiletto, is sure to await the lover if discovered.

This separation of the sexes is a complete bar to all social intercourse at San Salvador; and the only amusements are the religious festi-

vals, which are carried on with a degree of mummery, unprecedented even at Rome itself. As to the comforts of San Salvador for strangers, they are indeed but few; and its distance up the harbour prevents it from being frequented by English outward-bound ships. The beef is very indifferent, poultry the same, and mutton not to be had, at any price. From the immense and almost incredible quantity of ants, the fruit is almost totally destroyed before it comes to perfection; and as for other conveniencies they are not to be procured, as the Portuguese are too proud and too lazy to render any assistance to strangers.

The coast between St. Vincent, and the La Plata, is so extremely barren, that no settlements were attempted, until the discovery of the gold mines in the neighbourhood; when the Government established some small posts in the interior, and fortified the Island of St. Catherines. This Island is about 30 miles in length and 6 in breadth, and is separated from the Main only by a narrow channel. Its appearance, to the worn-out mariner, is peculiarly inviting, finding there an almost perpetual spring, with plenty of refreshments; all kinds of tropical fruits are in perfection, wood and water in great plenty, and vegetables easily procured, whilst the purity of the air contributes exceedingly to the recovery of their health.

This settlement was originally formed by a number of banditti and vagabonds, who had retired here in the beginning of the last century, and though they acknowledge their subjection to Portugal, thought proper, in all cases, to act for themselves; however, since the establishment of the fortifications, a Governor has been appointed, who has reduced them into some kind of order, and put a stop to that contraband trade, which was carried on between this Island and the Spanish Settlements.

The present Seat of Government is Rio Janeiro, which, from the late political events, deserves a particular description. The city of San Sebastian, situated on the river of St. Januarius, from which it takes its name, is remarkable for the excellence of its secure and capacious harbour; and for the abundant fertility of the surrounding country.

The entrance of the harbour is narrow, and rendered more so by the Island of St. Lucia, which might be made almost impregnable; on passing the Island, it widens considerably, and is agreeably interspersed with many little Islands, some regularly fortified, others covered with the most romantic verdure. The shores on each side are luxuriantly embellished with plantations, estansas or farms, and some considerable villages; these are agreeably divided by slips of forest land, or by rocky promontories, with delightful vallies between, watered by numberless rivulets, whilst the little sandy bays present every facility for hauling the Seine; and the scenery in the distance is bounded by an immense amphitheatre of hills, which present a thousand romantic forms, at times half concealed by the clouds which hang around them, and covered with trees to the very summit. The city stands about four miles up the harbour, and is commodiously situated on a point of land running into the bay.

In the rear of the city, the country is much diversified with hills, rocks, and wood, and every eminence is crowned with churches, convents, or villas of the richer inhabitants. On the point which runs into the harbour, is an elegant Benedictine Convent, close to which is a fort that commands the inner anchorage. The Island dos Cobras, lies in the center of the harbour, with a passage on each side, of good depth for heavy ships; and has on it a dock-yard and arsenal, with the necessary store-houses. After passing the town, the river, or rather *harbour*, begins to widen, into an immense lake, studded with small islands, which afford a rich and luxuriant view. The general improvement in the colony has added much to Rio Janeiro; the houses are in general built of stone, and have an air of grandeur, and the streets are well laid out, some of them with convenient footpaths, nor is their narrowness, an inconvenience in this sultry climate. In some parts of the city are handsome squares, decorated with fountains, which tend much to the cleanliness and general health of the city; the water with which they are supplied is brought from some distance in the mountains, by means of an elegant aqueduct, and which also supplies the town with a sufficient quantity of water.

The general appearance of the place, unlike many other Portugues cities, denotes much ease and comfort among the bulk of the inhabitants; indeed, there is an air of industry and exertion, not often seen elsewhere; some of our late voyagers have attributed this to their encreased intercourse with England, and to the imports of all kinds of British manufactures with which the shops are filled, the increase of new wants thus stimulating them to new industry.

The inhabitants seem also to have extended their ideas of elegance, as they have some

very handsome public walks, and they have now a very fine quay, built entirely of granite, which forms a handsome platform close to the vice-regal palace.

The state of religion, at least its forms, is more relaxed, and less gloomy than in the other cities and towns of Brazil, yet there are still three monasteries, and two convents within the town; however, it does not appear, from late travellers, that there is much straight-laced virtue to be met with. The gentlemen, like their ancestors, always appear abroad in long cloaks; but the ladies, who are remarkably handsome, wear their hair hanging in tresses, or ornamented with ribbands, flowers, and other ornaments. They attend regularly three times a day at church, and afterwards exhibit themselves at the balconies. In the evening they sit with their doors and windows open, and amuse themselves with the harpsichord and guitar, nor are they very backward to admit, nay, indeed, to invite strangers of genteel appearance, whom curiosity may induce to stop and listen.

To enumerate all the productions of Brazil, would require a volume; we can, therefore, only specify sugar, tobacco, cassada, from which the tapioca is prepared, cochineal, and the grape, which will yield a very good wine, but had been prohibited by the mother country; it also produces cotton, coffee, chocolate, rice, and pepper; some wheat of a good quality has been raised, together with indigo, dyeing woods, wood for building, and cabinet-work, sarsaparilla, and lately a good deal of whalebone, oil and spermaceti, from the fishery on the coast. Their imports, which must now be from England alone, are flour, wine, brandy, salt, woollens, silks, linens, hardware, hats, and stationary; they also still carry on an extensive trade for slaves, &c. on the coast of Africa. As far back as the year 1760, on the invasion by the Spanish forces, the Portuguese Government had it seriously in view to remove the Court and their Navy to the Brazils; indeed their vessels were prepared for the purpose, until a few English troops turned the fortune of the day, when the project was totally dropped.

A late luminous and philosophical writer observes, "if the Portuguese will regain the consequence they have lost, it is necessary for them to rouse their ancient vigour, and raise themselves to that state that they need not be afraid of war. It is not always an advantage," he continues, "to a nation to continue at peace, when all the rest of the world are in arms; for in the political, as in the natural world, great events produce extensive effects; nay, the rise or fall of one empire *must* undoubtedly affect the rest. Even those which are farthest removed from the seat of war, are oftentimes the victims of their own moderation or weakness." The truth of this observation, amounting almost to prophecy, we need not point out to our readers, nor will we detain them from the other interesting articles in our work, by any vague reasoning on the future fate of this colony. The expatriation of a whole Government is a new event in politics, and though we cannot reason from experience, nor look into the womb of futurity, we cannot avoid hailing this event as opening a door to civilization, and to an encreasing population in the Continent of South America, which may, in time, be of incalculable advantage to the interests of Britain.

ORIGINAL COMMUNICATIONS.

ON EPIC POETRY AMONG THE GREEKS,

(Continued from page 76.)

WE promised in our last number to devote some attention to those criticisms on Homer, which hitherto we have been able to notice but in a cursory manner. The remarks that have been made on his poems by our own countrymen, we will not here discuss: for the work of Felton on the Classics, and the preface of Pope to his own translation of the Iliad, which comprize almost every thing valuable that has been said by English authors on this subject, are already so universally known, that it is needless to repeat the observations they contain. The French, who, with all their fondness for what is light and gay, have also an invincible perseverance in searching all the darkest and deepest corners of antiquity, have busied them-

selves much more than we, in criticising this great poet: and the celebrated Lamotte, a man undoubtedly of great natural acuteness, and great acquired information, has acquired an inglorious notoriety by attacking him.

But Lamotte never does Homer any real injury, except when he translates him: and then, like an evil spirit, he blasts whatever he touches. For instance, instead of that beautiful little allegory of the Prayers, which every body knows and almost every body admires, he gives us only these two lines:

"*On offense les dieux; mais par des sacrifices*
"*De ces dieux irrités on fait des dieux pro-*
"*pices.*"

"*Quel malheureux don que l'esprit,*" cries Voltaire, "*s'il a empêché Lamotte de sentir de pareilles beautés!*"

The Critic has made an equally bad use of his talents, when, in a string of frivolous sophisms, he has endeavoured to convince the world that the great reputation of Homer is only a prejudice which has passed from the ancients to us. But against this theory the opinion of Aristotle must have some weight; for Aristotle, so far from being an enthusiast, has always a tone of equal reason; and Aristotle, in twenty places, expressly declares Homer to be the best model for imitation, and places him, without comparison, above all other poets. Lamotte, however, pleads—first, that the philosopher may, very probably, have expressed an admiration of Homer, merely to flatter his pupil Alexander, who was a passionate admirer of the poet; and, secondly, that his *taste for system* having given him an idea, that there was an art in Homer's poem, he became pleased with his own discovery, and, in order to justify it, employed that obscure subtlety which was so natural to him. Now the answers to both these hypotheses are obvious. In the first place, it is rather the more probable conjecture, that it was the preceptor who inspired his pupil with this great veneration for Homer; and, in the second place, it does not require any very decided *taste for system* to discover an art in the Iliad and Odyssey; nor, indeed, can we call, by the name of discovery, what all the world perceives at the first glance. And then, as to Aristotle's subtlety, it is true that there is a great subtlety in his philosophy; but a mind, merely subtle, would hardly have transmitted to posterity the best elementary work on the arts of imagination, which has been written before or since his time: a work full of genius, and abounding in true and essential principles. Here Lamotte becomes as bad a judge of Aristotle as he is of Homer. He mistakes and confounds all the received facts and opinions, in order to support his erroneous thesis. He will have it, that the esteem in which Homer was held by his countrymen, arose simply from the ignorance of these Greeks, who, says he, knew nothing of the same kind, and did not see Homer opposed to rivals. But here Lamotte forgets, that Fabricius has enumerated seventy poets, who had written heroic verses before Homer. Their existence is attested by the most ancient testimonies, and the titles of their works are cited, though the works themselves have not reached us. He forgets, that, when Aristotle wrote his poetic, tragedy had been brought to great perfection by Sophocles and Euripides, eloquence by Demosthenes, and several of the sister arts by other men of great celebrity in Athens. Was there not in Greece then sufficient information and taste to produce a right judgment on the poems of Homer? But Lamotte says, "It is only the know-"ledge of perfection that disgusts us with me-"diocrity." Surely this is a strange expression as applied to Homer! Who would have thought the author of the Iliad was a man of mediocrity? Lamotte should have known that we call, by the name of mediocrity, only that which never rises to great beauties; and, that a work, which abounds with magnificent passages, may indeed have many imperfections, but can never be stigmatized with mediocrity. Macbeth is a production in which there are many faults; but is Macbeth, therefore, a production of mediocrity? And after all, where is the perfection that Lamotte would oppose to Homer's mediocrity? Certainly not in Virgil; for if Virgil surpass the Greek poet, in the elegance and regularity of his poem, the Æneid is universally allowed to be inferior to the Iliad in the plan, in the nature of the subject, in the character of the hero, and in the general effect: Virgil has compressed into a poem of twelve books the two productions of Homer, which have each twenty-four; and this proves that the Roman poet had judiciously felt how far his model was too long and too diffuse. He has continually imitated the Odyssey in his first six books, and the Iliad in his six last. If he has prodigiously surpassed the one, he has certainly fallen far short of the other, for the latter part of his poem is absolutely void of interest; and, perhaps, it was the consciousness of this defect that made him on his death-bed desire to have his poem burnt. In this point of view he has done double honour to Homer; for, what must

we think of him, who was the model to such a poet as Virgil; and who, notwithstanding the Æneid, has preserved the first rank?

Lamotte speaks neither of Camoens nor of Milton, who at that time were not known in France. He says but a word of Tasso, which is the more astonishing, because he is the only poet who could be advantageously employed in such an argument, since he has, by many persons, been placed above Homer himself, for the plot and interest of his work, even while his style has been always confessed inferior to Homer's. Lamotte, perhaps, did not know Italian, or was influenced by the authority of Boileau, who has called Tasso's poetry tinsel. But what, at last, are the models of that perfection, which the Critic cannot find in Homer? They are two obscure French poems, the one called *Cloris*, by Desmarets, and the other called *Saint Louis*, by P. Lemoine! He pronounces a flaming eulogium on these writers; and if that eulogium were true, we should be inconsolable that so many excellencies, as he enumerates, should be lost in poems, which, by the ultimate confession of the eulogist himself, it is totally impossible to read. We are reminded of the famous saying of the great Condé, when he saw the Abbé d'Aubignac's *Zenobia*, which was, it seems, perfectly conformable to all the established rules; "I can "easily forgive the Abbé," said he, "for having "followed the rules, but I cannot forgive the "rules for having made the Abbé produce so bad "a piece." Probably, most poets would rather be attacked by Lamotte, as Homer has been, than praised by him, as he has praised Lemoine and Desmarets: for who would desire the panegyric of a man, who sums up, by confessing that his admired author is too tiresome to be read, or if read, too ridiculous to be endured?

In point of fact, the reputation of Homer among the ancients, can be owing only to the superior merit of his poems. A statement of the manner in which his writings have descended to us, will be sufficient to substantiate this assertion. They were first spread in Ionia, which proves that, whether he may have been born in European Greece, or in the Greek colonies of Asia, it was in the latter that he lived and composed. The rhapsodists gained their livelihood by singing his verses: the Greek word ραψωδοι, signifies, "people who sowed "verses together;" because, according to the requests that were made to them, they sang one part or another, as, the quarrel of Achilles and Agamemnon, the death of Patroclus, the farewell of Hector, &c. for Homer had not divided his poem into books; and hence it was, that they were called rhapsodies when collected, and that they still bear that title in all the editions. One would hardly believe that this word, which is now a contemptuous expression, signifying a clumsy collection of heterogeneous and worthless things, was originally the denomination of the works of the greatest of poets; but such is the alteration which time can make in language, as well as in matter! It is not known whether the name of rhapsodists was ever given to the poets, who before Homer sang their own works; but, it appears, that after him, no others were ever heard; for the name remained particularly to those, who, for money, sang the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in the theatres and public places. Lycurges, in his voyage to Ionia, first collected and brought them to Lacedæmon, whence they spread themselves through Greece. Afterwards, in the time of Solon and Pisistratus, Hipparchus, the son of the latter, made a new edition at Athens, by desire of his father, and this was the edition that passed from that period to the time of Alexander. Alexander commanded Calisthenes and Anaxarchus carefully to revise these poems, because they had, of course, been much corrupted by passing through so many mouths, and travelling from country to country. Aristotle also was consulted on this edition, which was called the edition of the casket; because Alexander enclosed a copy in a little coffer of inestimable value, taken at the battle of Arbela, among the spoils of Darius. "It is just," said he, "that the most "valuable casket in the whole world should "contain the most splendid work of the human "mind." But as to that, Lamotte says, "I "put Alexander out of the question in the "first place, because he knew nothing about "the matter." This challenge of his is founded on a passage of Horace, from which, indeed, it does appear just to conclude, that this prince did not deserve the reputation of an enlightened lover of Literature and the Arts. As soon as he had occasion to exercise his judgment on any of these topics, says Horace,

Bœotum in casso jurares aere natum.

After the death of Alexander, Zenodotus, of Ephesus, again revised this edition, under the reign of the first of the Ptolemies. At last, under Ptolemy Philometor, a hundred and fifty years before Christ, Aristarchus, so celebrated for his taste and his learning, made a last revision of Homer's Poems, and gave an edition which soon became so famous as to obliterate

all remembrance of the rest. It is this edition which has descended to us, and which probably is correct in most particulars, because there are few ancient authors whose text is so clear, so connected, and so seldom liable to the charge of essential alterations.

I would now ask whether it be probable that so many men, eminent for their rank or for their knowledge, should have occupied themselves on this subject, and that in ages so remote, if the fame of Homer had been the result of mere caprice. No; the reputation of a poet, existing many ages after his death, and among people who speak his language, cannot be a mere prejudice. A success founded merely upon prejudice may exist during the life of an author, in a language not yet formed, and at an epoch when taste is not yet purified, it may exist by personal circumstances, by the favour of princes and great men, by party spirit, and by many other of the transitory causes which lead astray public opinion. Such was, among us, the reputation of the wits in the days of Charles the Second, and in France, the celebrity of Ronsard and Voiture; but after their own immediate time, their fame has fallen without any body's effort. On the contrary, Homer has been attacked in every age, from Zoilus and Caligula, to Perrault and Lamotte: he has had for adversaries men of power, which proves that his glory was sufficient to irritate pride; and men of great talent, which proves that he was worthy of the criticism of the most acute minds: and neither the one nor the other class of enemies has been able to injure his reputation, which proves also that his merit was real, and strong enough to resist all trials.

In all times too he has had enthusiasts in his favour, and we know that enthusiasm always goes too far. One terrible example of the dreadful consequences resulting from this enthusiasm, is related by Vitruvius. According to him, this Zoilus, who had rendered himself the contempt and horror of his age, by attacking Homer with outrageous fury, was burnt alive by the inhabitants of Smyrna, who considered themselves as most particularly interested in avenging the memory of the poet whom they claimed as their fellow-citizen.—Vitruvius adds, that Zoilus had well deserved his fate; and Madame Dacier is of the same opinion! These things only shew that the fanaticism of literary opinions may become as atrocious as any other fanaticism.

Madame Dacier would have done better if she had contented herself with relating, as a circumstance peculiar to the author of the Iliad, that the name of his detractor Zoilus is become a word of reproach, while that of his Editor Aristarchus is a term of eulogy.

In speaking of Epic poetry among the Greeks, we have not found it necessary to discuss the merits of any author except Homer: for Hesiod, and the other Epic poets, whose works have descended to us, can scarcely be thought of consequence enough to merit an analysis.—But since we are treating of Homer, we cannot conclude without saying a few words of the Odyssey; a poem, which though far inferior to the Iliad in dignity, in delineation of character, in language, and in sentiment, and in dramatic passion, is nevertheless a poem valuable for its imagery, valuable for its invention, and in our times valuable above all for the admirable accuracy with which it describes the faces of countries, and the manners of men in a remote age.

Homer had travelled a great deal, and knew much; he was particularly well acquainted with Africa and Asia Minor. His geographical knowledge was so exact, that modern travellers have in almost every instance exactly verified his assertions; and they have even recorded the existence of some of the customs which he has described. One should think that Homer, in his old age, had determined to amuse himself by writing a poem in which he might unite the observations that he had *made*, and the traditions that he had *gathered*. Accordingly he is very faithful in his observations, and very fabulous in his traditions. The story of Polypheme, and that of the Lastrygons, which, as it affords an opportunity for some good verses, Virgil has not disdained to imitate, are absolutely in the spirit of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. We may say as much of the transformations effected by Circe's Wand; such stories are perpetually occurring in all the tales of the East; and when the poet speaks of that wonderful powder which Helen throws into the cup of every guest at Menelaus's table, and which had the virtue of inducing a forgetfulness of misery, do we not recognize, in the effects of this powder given by the Queen of Egypt to Helen, that opium of which the use and the abuse were at all times familiar to the nations of the East, and which produces the most complete stupefaction?

The march of the Odyssey is feeble. The poem drags itself on from one adventure to another, without forming any chain which binds the attention, and without exciting any interest. The situation of Telemachus and Penelope is just the same for four-and-twenty

books. We have the suitors of the Queen, always pursuing the same violent course: we find the same feasting perpetually in the palace, and the same complaints perpetually in the mouths of the mother and son. Telemachus embarks to seek his father: and his voyage produces nothing but useless conversations with Nestor and Menelaus. Ulysses is in Ithaca from the twelfth book of the Odyssey, and until the moment when he makes himself known, nothing passes which can answer the expectation of the reader. The hero is with Eumæus, in the disguise of a beggar; and there he remains a very long while, doing nothing. And it is not pleasant to contemplate Ulysses with a wallet, waiting at the door of the dining hall, and eagerly devouring the scraps that are sent to him: to see a servant kicking him, one suitor throwing a leg of beef at him, and another thumping his shoulder with a stool: nor to find a begger named Irus disputing with him for his place, till the great Ulysses throws off his cloak, and boxes with this low wretch.—Here we cannot help thinking that Homer has made use of a contrast which becomes absolute caricature. It was necessary that the hero should be placed in adverse circumstances, but not that he should be rendered abject: it was right to represent him as unknown, and ill-treated in his own palace, in order that his discovery might afterwards be more striking, and his vengeance more just: but it was not right to place him in situations beneath the dignity of Epic poetry. This is not a worthy descent: and Raphael would never have painted from the subjects of Cuyp. The slaughterer of the suitors is more epic; but the immediate presence and protection of Minerva and the Ægis weaken the only interest it can possess, inasmuch as they too far diminish the real danger of the hero. And lastly, the recognition between the husband and wife, which has been so long expected, is cold, and produces none of the emotions which it might have excited.—Penelope, who has not acknowledged Ulysses on his victory over his enemies, wonderful as that victory was, acknowledges him on his reluting some circumstances concerning the nuptial bed, which nobody knew but himself.—This is not very worthy of Epic poetry; and then, in violation of that rule of good sense, which commands the Poet to place all his characters in a decided situation at the end of the work, Ulysses has scarcely seen Penelope, when he learns that fate condemns him again to wander through the world with an oar upon his shoulder, till he meets a man who will take this oar for a fan to winnow corn with. These are not the fictions of the Iliad.

His stay in the islands of Polypor and Circe, offers nothing interesting; and if it be true that Calypso is the original of Dido, it is indeed the drop of water become pearl. Ulysses descends into hell; but we cannot admire this strange recital: and we rejoice in the invention, only because it has given to Virgil the idea for the sixth book of his Æneid. One of the most awkwardly conceived incidents of the poem is that which occurs during the stay of Ulysses at the house of Eumæus. The hero is passing the night in considering the means that he shall employ for the defeat of his enemies, and this well-founded anxiety prevents him from sleeping. But the Poet, as if afraid lest the reader should go to sleep instead of the hero, sends down Minerva, who bitterly reproaches Ulysses for not sleeping when he ought, and repeats to him, that if he had to fight fifty battalions, it would become him to be perfectly secure, that with her assistance, he would easily carry his points. Ulysses acknowledges his fault, obeys, and goes to sleep. Now was it worth while to make a Goddess come from heaven merely to bid a man take a nap? And yet this is one of the passages where Mad. Dacier calls upon us to observe the art of the Poet!

Let us not, however, be accused of undervaluing Homer: our former pages must be a sufficient refutation of such a charge: but as we have given a loose to our enthusiasm when speaking of his beauties, we may fairly be believed impartial, in mentioning his defects.—The Odyssey unquestionably contains many excellent passages, and perpetually excites curiosity; nature is often poetically described, and the slaughterer of the suitors is a picture worthy of the master who produced the Iliad. But in general effect the Odyssey will always be considered inferior, inasmuch as it wants the fire and feeling which render the Iliad so irresistibly striking. The Poet from his urn has poured the Odyssey to wander through a region sometimes indeed beautiful, but often sterile; the stream is romantic in its appearance, and prolongs its course by the number of its doublings. The Iliad is a sea in a tempest. Nature assumes her most magnificent front, and heaven and earth are at once in commotion: while Homer, the divinity of the air, sets tranquilly amid the eddyings of the whirlwind, and regulates the storm that he has created!

In our next number we shall treat of Epic poetry among the Romans, and principally of Virgil's Æneid.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

THE DREAM.

Mr. Editor,

UNDISMAYED at the threat of ridicule, usually incurred by those who are accustomed to relate their dreams to the first good-natured and patient acquaintance they meet with, I now venture to impart to you my dream of last night, while it is fresh in my memory, with full permission (if it should not prove as interesting to you as I expect it will) to laugh at my folly, and light your pipe with my letter.

Yours (with best wishes ever since the commencement of your praiseworthy, and now successful career) *Amicus.*

I fancied myself reclining under a tree, at the extremity of a large and verdant meadow, upon which a multitude of beautiful children, of various ages, were enjoying their guileless hours in the study and adoration of the beauties and the bounty of nature. Some of the younger gathered large nosegays of those flowers with which the green carpet upon which they frolicked was magnificently *interwoven*, while the elder ones were carefully explaining their several interspersed properties, and their claims to universal admiration. Fruits, herbs, and metals of every description laypiled in heaps, onwhich the young minds of others were attentively engaged, and under a large canopy sat a venerable matron, to whom they incessaantly applied for information in cases of doubt or difficulty; and who never failed with the most benign condescension to explain them to the full satisfaction of their infant capacities. The canopy was hung round with banners of the most brilliant workmanship, diffusing rays of splendid light to a considerable distance; on *that* immediately over her head was written in large and transparent letters the word "KNOWLEDGE," and on the surrounding banners this sentence, "For "the rising generation." The scene was enchanting: I was lost in rapture, and was gazing with the most perfect delight on objects so innocent, engaged in pursuits so rational, when at the opposite extremity of the meadow arose a thick mist spreading to a prodigious extent, and it was a considerable time before any form or shape was perceptible: at length the gloom a little dispersed, or my visual organs became dilated, and therefore capable of penetrating in a small degree the dark cloud so inauspiciously contrasted with the serene and charming prospect on the other side: for I now discovered the cloud wore the shape of an immense ensign, inscribed in large, though dull characters, "The Banner of Ignorance." It waved slowly over a machine unlike any piece of artillery I had ever seen; yet as it moved towards the group of happy innocents, I could not but suspect that its intentions were of a hostile nature. It halted at a respectful distance from the canopy of Knowledge, and I then plainly perceived it was no other than a printing press, on which might clearly be distinguished "TheNovelist's Repository." A tribe of little devils now made their appearance from behind the press, one bearing a small banner, inscribed "Infatuation," the rest armed with pop-guns, each marked with some word in legible characters. I cannot enumerate every one, but those which I could most plainly distinguish, were scandal, libels, ribaldry, defamation, indecency, impiety. Furnished with bullets (or pellets) from this repository of ignorance, they began to open a tremendous fire upon the sportive troop of juvenile victims. They seemed at first surprized *at the charge*, but gaining courage boldly advanced to examine this gang of intruders. Though the bullets were not large, yet, by the manœuvres of the invaders, their inexperienced opponents *paid dear* for their curiosity, the eye being the point at which they levelled, and every bullet taking complete effect. I could not but weep to behold the havoc that was made among my fair favourites, in whose welfare I felt extremely interested; after the first volley, however, I observed, with some satisfaction, that my young friends were all well armed; and returned a well-directed fire of small round yellow shot, from an elastic tube, which they wore at their sides; but seeing them greedily gathered by a person slyly watching behind the machine, I looked more attentively at the shot, and could scarcely believe my eyes when I found that they bore the exact shape and appearance of a seven-shilling-piece.—Alas! my satisfaction was but transient—I was determined, however, to examine also the bullets of the enemy, and making an effort, succeeded in obtaining one,

on which I discovered the word "Barouche," I was not long in finishing my observations on it, as it was easily taken to pieces, and not doubting that the rest of the ammunition was cast in the *same mould*, I drew my conclusion, that the hitherto friends and favourites of *Knowledge*, though not rendered blind by the discharge, were materially affected in the brain; and that the decay of every good quality they possessed was inevitable, if this unequal warfare was suffered to continue long. I continued grieving at their fate, unable of myself to repel the fury of the hostile battalion, whose activity received a new stimulus from every return of fire; the machine continuing *to issue volumes of smoke of the most baneful nature*, and receiving from the deluded victims repeated volleys of the yellow shot, when, on a sudden, to the amazement of all, there appeared a bright cloud towards the east, which approaching the field of battle, immediately caused a cessation of hostilities. In the hope of a rescue for the late objects of my delight and affection, I gazed attentively at the cloud, which gracefully expanding, displayed a golden ensign, on which was inscribed in luminous colours, "The Ban-"ner of Reason." The ensign was borne by one whose countenance exhibited so happy an union of good sense, perseverance and good humour, that I was prepossessed with the opinion that the relief was at hand which I had so anxiously been awaiting; and I was confirmed in the completion of my fullest hopes, by observing a scroll carried before him, bearing these words, "The Guardian of Education, "the friend and protector of the rising genera-"tion." At the appearance of so powerful a succour, *Knowledge* began to gather beneath her canopy her wandering little ones, and benevolently restored them to her smiles and favours; encouraging them to proceed with renewed vigour, in the laudable pursuits of their former studies. On the opposite side all was confusion and dismay; the cloud of *Ignorance* was dispersed, and the banner of *Infatuation* was destroyed. The machine was immediately split in two, and discovered a pile of duodecimos, from whence a diabolic trio had been supplying the army with bullets. These were immediately siezed and condemned, and this sentence passed on the promoters and leaders of the war. "That they should frequently (as "in the pillory) stand exposed to public scorn, "which *Knowledge* declared she would see "duly performed, to warn the inexperienced "from falling into their destructive snares, "and that their present stock of ammunition "should be forfeited to the united company of "trunk-makers, cheesemongers, or pastry-"cooks." "O upright judge!" exclaimed I. I should, in all probability, have made a very fine speech, but the energy with which I began put an end at once both to my speech and to my dream.

THE ARBITRATOR.—No. V.

The world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks;
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts;
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit
—Weed this wormwood from your fruitful brain!

Shakespeare.

AS a subject for the Fifth Number of our Arbitrator, we have selected a work, which being itself in the nature of a Review, does not immediately come under that description, of which we treat in our own Review of Literature; but which, nevertheless, is of too much importance to be passed in silence. The title of this work is, "Critical Essays on the Per-"formers of the London Theatres, including "general observations on the practice and ge-"nius of the stage. By the author of the theatrical criticisms in the Weekly Paper called "*The News*."

The author of these essays informs us in an advertisement, that since the engraving of the title page, he has emigrated from *The News* to another Sunday Paper called *The Examiner*. It is not necessary for us in this place, after all the observations on the stage which have appeared throughout our Magazine, to enter at large into a statement of the requisites for theatrical criticism. Our readers, we trust, have

long since been convinced, that to declare an opinion on theatrical subjects is not to criticise: that wit will not make amends for the want of experience, nor genius itself perform all the task of science. He who would estimate the merits of an orchestra, must know something of music: he who would be heard with attention in a picture gallery, should have studied painting: and a spectator in a theatre also ought to know the principles of acting before he attempts to be a Critic. Perhaps, of all the fine arts, that of acting is the least likely ever to be well criticised; because the impressions produced by acting are the most transitory. Dramatic nature is not nature in its ordinary form; and of course, among the few people who have observed nature in real life, a very, very small number can judge of nature as it appears upon the stage. For dramatic nature, while it acknowledges certain principles, yet sometimes ventures into an irregularity which a "true Critic dares not mend:" it must sometimes be swelled beyond the ordinary size of life to produce great effects, and sometimes diminished, in order to preserve keeping in the picture. Let any of our readers call over in his mind the list of his private acquaintance, and ask himself how many there are among them, who have warmth to feel, and coolness to judge, spirit enough to be merry, and sufficient acquaintance with good company to understand high breeding: who know the principles of stage effect, and can discern the exact proportion of art exhibited by the author and by the actor: who when they have judged accurately can write well, and writing well can avoid cruelty!

Having reminded our readers that these are our opinions, we shall not be expected to bestow unqualified praise on a book, which, while it contains much forcible truth, much original remarks, and much quaint humour, is exceedingly deficient in fundamental principles, and in that sort of fine feeling which is absolutely necessary in the higher kinds of criticism. The author has been greatly admired, because where all is dark, a light much less brilliant must necessarily be observed; but his flame has been that of a dark lantern, which serves to display him who carries it, but throws little light on the surrounding objects. His criticisms, as was wittily said of Mackintosh's speech for Peltier, are excellent for himself, but of small service to the cause.

The present work is divided into three sections. The first contains criticisms on the principal actors in tragedy: the second on the principal actors in comedy: the third on those who hold conspicuous places in the service of both houses. The first section is preceded by an essay on the representation of tragedy, and the second by an essay on the representation of comedy. There is a preface: and an appendix containing some of the critiques published by the same author.

The dissertation on tragedy is followed by an essay on the merits of Mr. Kemble. The very first sentence of this essay is not only inelegant, but may serve to prove how little the Critic understands the science of acting: it is this:

"Mr. Kemble is a peculiar instance of almost all these essentials to good acting, and at the same time an example *how much they may be injured by an indiscriminate application of study.*"

Now how can acting be injured by study? Does this writer suppose, that a man can be a fine actor by chance, or that an universal knowledge of the drama ought not to be universally employed? What would he think of a navigator, who in the midst of his voyage, should throw his compass overboard? Would the winds and the waves conduct the vessel into port? The fault of the modern school of acting is, that too little attention is paid to the principles of the art: that actors imagine they may play well by inspiration, and instead of seeking the proper food for their genius, expect to be fed, like Elijah, by the interposition of heaven. Genius will do much, but study will do yet more: and we have a strong example of its utility in the few actors now remaining, who do think it worth while to improve their own natural stores by an application of the collected knowledge of others: in Mrs. Mattocks and Miss Pope, Mr. Munden, Mr. Emery, and the Kembles. Perpetual study and experience must make an actor: and when they have once made him, their company is not likely to unmake him again: at least we think nobody will fear such a result, except those who with *Dogberry* believe, that "to be a well-favoured man is the gift of fortune; but to write and read comes by nature."

To pass through every individual instance of incorrect judgment exhibited in this little work, would be indeed to draw out a dismal catalogue of blunders: its readers will always admire a man who can produce individual passages like those which we shall presently have the pleasure of extracting, but we believe the generality of them will be a little cautious of trusting hereafter to his judgment, when he declares that Mr. Raymond is an excellent trage-

dian, and must be a man of reading, though Mr. Raymond, to say nothing of his other faults, mispronounces the vowels *a*, *o*, and *u*, almost as often as they occur—when he denies the comic excellences of Mr. Munden, and declares Mr. Fawcett to be a spoilt actor—when he calls Mrs. Jordan "a *most delightful actress* "*in Donna Violante*," and affirms, that "*Mr.* "*Elliston's tragic genius is naturally equal, if* "*not superior, to that of Mr. Kemble*," that "*if he possessed the fine countenance of Mr.* "*Kemble, he would instantly outshine him in* "*every body's opinion;* and in short, that he is "*not only with respect to his versatility, but in* "*his general excellence, and in the perfection* "*to which he has brought some of his charac-*"*ters, the greatest actor of the present day!*"

We find our Critic in the course of his work, bestowing the most extravagant praise on the *Sir Fretful Plagiary* of Mr. Matthews, which in the opinion of every body who knows any thing of the stage, was one of the bad performances of a good actor: and attacking the *Job Thornberry* of Mr. Fawcett, which every body, who has a heart, and will allow that heart to feel freely, acknowledges to be one of the most affecting pictures of rough pathos that was ever exhibited upon the stage. In the essay on Mr. Bannister, the mere faculty of imitation, which enables that entertaining comedian to assume the appearance of several different characters in the part of *Colonel Feignwell*, is classed as one of the first-rate excellences of a comic actor. This faculty indeed is amusing, but it is of little importance: the great merit of comic acting consists in the imitation, not of body, but of mind. Our Critic commits another great mistake as to comic acting, when he says of a comedian, "If he "does not amaze like many inferior actors "with sudden bursts of broad merriment, he "is more equable and consistent in his humour, "and inspires his audience with a more con-"stant spirit of chearfulness. Such a chear-"fulness is the most desirable effect in every "comic performer, and this feeling is one of "the sensations which render us more truly "pleased with comedy than with farce: it is "more agreeable to reason, because it leaves "room for thinking; it is removed from vio-"lence, which always carries a degree of pain "into the most exquisite pleasures; it is more "like the happiness that we may attain in "real life, and therefore more fitted to dispose "us to an enjoyment of our feelings." But the fact is, that we go to the play expressly for the purpose of tasting an enjoyment more acute than that which we may experience from the ordinary feelings of our real life: and though there ought to be chearful actors for these parts, which do not convey any stronger feelings than that of chearfulness, yet the mere expression of chearfulness requires no genius at all, and "the *most desirable effect in every* "*comic performer*," is the broad effect that is produced by a whimsical and humourous genius. And as to the leaving room for thought, we do not conceive this to be any advantage at all: for the business of comedy is not to keep reason on the stretch, and an actor does enough if he abstain from flying in the face of reason, while he makes his audience laugh.

While he judges of comedy without knowledge of its principles, he writes of tragedy without feeling of its passions. If ever there was a subject which could raise a man out of his ordinary course, and give an impassioned eloquence to his effusions, we should suppose that subject must be the powers of Mrs. Siddons. A description of *Hamlet's* character, which we shall presently quote, proves that he is capable of feeling: why then is he ashamed of shewing in his writing what passess in his heart? A Critic should be upon his guard against faults, but he need never be ashamed of his enthusiasm in that which is really admirable. He points out all the perfections of Mrs. Siddons, but he points them out rather with the air of a man who had made up his analysis of her powers from the accounts of some credible friend, than with the warmth of one who had felt the electrifying force of her genius. He has made a dry map, where he ought to have drawn a romantic landscape. But we are very well aware, that even when he does allow himself to feel, he does not understand the nature of tragedy, for we find him presently taking the following absurd distinction: —After justly speaking of Mrs. Jordan's tragedy, as generally indifferent, he says: "As "to her excellent performance of *Ophelia*, a "great distinction must be made between cha-"racters originally and essentially tragic, and "those which become so by some external "means that do not change their disposition; "between characters, in short, which are "tragic on account of what they have done or "felt, and those which become so by what is "done to them." What in the world is the difference between characters which are tragic on account of what they have felt, and those which are tragic on account of what is done to them? Their feeling is in consequence of something disagreeable which has been done to them, and nothing more; and, as to a character originally and es-

sentially tragic, we do not know what the phrase means. A character may be naturally serious, but it is not therefore tragic: tragedy is built, not so much upon character as upon incident: we have tragedies whose interest consists entirely in the distress of events, and not at all in the complexion of character; such, for instance, as *Isabella*, in which we find no marked character assigned to any one person; in which, a string of distressful events occasions the whole pathos, and of which the pathos would have been just as strong, whether *Villeroy*, *Isabella*, and *Biron* had been naturally serious or naturally gay. Circumstance when very powerful, frequently levels characters altogether; and, perhaps, if the matter is to be philosophically viewed, there is nothing in tragedy more pathetic, than the contemplation of the complete obedience, which persons of every rank, and almost every temper, must equally yield to the power of circumstance.

But if this Critic knows little of the acting, he knows as little of the audience; he is equally mistaken before and behind the curtain: by him alike

"*Iliacos intra muros peccatur, et extra*:"

This opinion we have been induced to form, by observing the credit which he gives to the capacity of a large portion of the audience:—"If," says he, "it were the fashion for the "the boxes to be as unrestrained, and as turbu-"lent as the mob; and, for the mob to assent "merely with smiles, nature, and wit, would "always obtain the shout." We are afraid not. We have often declared our conviction of the thorough ignorance of English spectators. In Paris, where it is the custom to go almost every night to the play, there may be some taste in the audience; but in England, where the generality of people do not go more than four or five times a season, it is quite impossible to expect good judgment, even from those who pay six shillings for their seats. But he has an interested motive for contending that people may be Critics without a knowledge of the art which they wish to criticise.

Nor is his want of information apparent only as to the acting and the audience, but also as to the springs of theatrical intrigue; for in his appendix he tells us, that Mr. Reynolds and some other authors of the day give dinners to the actors, take tickets at their benefits, and praise their jokes, till they themselves become naturalized in the Green Room:—"Such," says he, "is their origin, and such are the "reasons that influence Managers in their stu-"dies to please the public." Now every body, who knows any thing at all of the Green Rooms, knows, that no authors take tickets at the benefits, and that Mr. Reynolds is a domestic man, who never gives dinners, or even suppers. So much for accuracy.

But while this Critic aims to be an asserter of general principles, and makes these unfortunate mistakes in substance, we must repeat that he has merits which must make him always entertaining, even when we have ceased to confide in him. The salt that surrounds the body will guard it from corruption, and the work will descend, like the body of an Egyptian Queen, estimable, not from the loveliness of the form, but for the art with which it has been embalmed. There are, indeed, a few illustrations too harsh and far-fetched, we might say, absolutely inappropriate; but, in general, the allusions are striking, and the remarks original and forcible. We shall conclude this article, by presenting our readers with a few extracts, which will serve as specimens of the author's peculiar felicity in expression, and which will, perhaps, excite in the breasts of some of our readers regret, which we ourselves have always felt, that those who can write so well will not condescend to learn the art of judging better. Even in words, however, he is not *always* correct: his style is very often extremely inaccurate.

Having occasion, in his preface, to speak of the new comedies, he thus declaims against the hurtful effect which they produce on the reputation of the actors:—

"An actor almost entirely depends upon the "dramatist for his future fame, he leaves "nothing, either to the eyes of posterity, like "the poet and the painter, or to their ears, "like the musician: even if his remembrance "outlives his poet, it is little better than an "Egyptian hieroglyphick, which the writer "who gave it meaning has nothing left to ex-"plain. I do not a little regret, therefore, "that I have been compelled to draw examples "of good acting from the worst dramas. The "performer, indeed, never shews himself to "more advantage than in giving brilliancy to "dulness; but if he is always occupied with this "task, he shares the danger of the manufacturer, "who, in polishing certain metals, breathes an "air that is his ultimate destruction."

With the exception of the phrase: "if his "remembrance outlives his poet," these sentences appear to us most excellent.

PAGE 3.

"Tragedy is an imitation of life in passions: "it is comedy only which imitates both pas-"sions and habits."

This, though not invariably true, is generally so.

PAGE 18.

"The player, who amuses himself by looking at the audience for admiration, may be assured he never gets any; it is in acting as in conferring obligations; one should have the air of doing nothing for a return."

PAGE 37.

In the Essay on Mr. H. Johnston, the Critic says: "A young actor, whose feelings and whose experience allow him little knowledge of mankind, has very general ideas of passion; he conceives nothing but the stronger passions, because they are the least complicated, and he expresses them with the more ease, as they require uncomplicated expression; the features easily assume the look of rage and of pride, because these are passions which are totally occupied with themselves, and therefore exhibit themselves individually; envy and jealousy, on the contrary, being mixed passions, exhibit themselves in complication with others, and are more difficult of representation, just as it is more difficult in a picture to mingle hues delicately, than to make it of one colour. The stronger passions are easier also of expression, because they are seen almost as much in the action as in the countenance, while melancholy, pity, and love, are confined almost entirely to the latter. A youthful actor, therefore, finding his powers best suited to the stronger passions, indulges himself in that vehement expression with which children always endeavour to supply the man: passions, really existing, moderate their violence by their own failure of power, but in imitation no such self-constraint is felt, and, therefore, in unskilful hands, their violence is always carried beyond nature; thus children are inclined to caricature a passion, because they must supply the deficiency of feeling by a superfluity of action; every thing becomes greater in the imitation than in the original; dignity is forced into haughtiness, displeasure into rage, and indifference into contempt."

There is an incorrectness in the phrase, "moderate their violence by their own failure of power;" but the sentiments are true, and, we believe, original.

In treating of Mr. Munden, our author says neatly;

PAGE 82.

"If his grimace has not immediately its effect upon the spectators, he improves or continues it till he has; and I have seen his interlocuter disconcerted, and the performance stopped, by the unseasonable laughter of the audience, who were conquered into the notice of a posthumous joke, by this ambitious pertinacity of muscle."

In the appendix he admirably observes, that Mr. Fawcett, in *Lord Ogleby*, was

"Not an old man attempting to be a young one, but a young one attempting to be old."

The last extract we have room to insert, is the following paragraph on the character of *Hamlet*:—

PAGE 41.

"It must be the praise of a man who shall possess a genius, capable of more than the art of acting to personate *Hamlet*: the gallant, the philosophical, the melancholy *Hamlet*; that amiable inconsistent, who talked when he should have acted, and acted when he should not even have talked, who, with a bosom wrung with sensibility, was unfeeling; and, in his very passion for justice, unjust; who, in his misery, had leisure for ridicule, and in his revenge, for benevolence; who, in the most melancholy abstraction, never lost the graces of mind, or the elegancies of manner, natural in the midst of artifice, and estimable in the the midst of error!"

This is the only account of *Hamlet's* character, which we have read with satisfaction. Perhaps, his conduct to *Ophelia*, is not always so *elegant* as it should be; but, with this single exception, the foregoing passage appears to us to be one of the most simple, philosophical, and beautiful analyses that ever proceeded from the pen of a Critic. What a pity, that he who can feel thus, should ever sacrifice feeling for flippancy: that he who can write a commentary which is worthy of Shakspeare, should busy himself in blackening Mr. Cherry!

THE KING OF NAPLES.

AFTER the contradictory accounts which we have lately heard concerning the present King of Naples of the old line, it will be amusing for our readers to compare them with those given to the public by an intelligent traveller twenty years ago.

"He rides and rows, and hunts the wild "boar, and catches fish in the bay, and sells "it in the market, as dear as he can too; but "gives away the money they pay him for it, "and that directly: so that no suspicion of "meanness, or of any thing worse than a little "rough merriment, can be ever attached to "his truly honest open undesigning character.

"Stories of monarchs seldom give me plea- "sure, who seldom am persuaded to give cre- "dit to tales told of persons few people have "any access to, and whose behaviour towards "those few is circumscribed within the laws "of insipid and dull routine; but this Prince "lives among his subjects, with the old Roman "idea of a window before his bosom I believe. "They know the worst of him is, that he "shoots at the birds, dances with the girls, "eats macaroni, and helps himself to it with "his fingers, and rows against the watermen "in the bay, till one of them burst out a bleed- "ing at the nose last week, with his uncourtly "efforts to outdo the King, who won the "trifling wager by this accident; conquered, "laughed, and leaped on shore amidst the "acclamations of the populace, who huzzaed "him home to the palace, from whence he "sent double the sum he won to the water- "man's wife and children, with other tokens "of kindness. Meantime, while he resolves "to be happy himself, he is equally deter- "mined to make no man miserable.

"When the Emperor and the Grand Duke "talked to him of their new projects for re- "formation in the church, he told them he "saw little advantage they brought into their "states by these new-fangled nations; that "when he was at Florence and Milan, the "deuce a Neapolitan could he find in either, "while his capital was crowded with refugees "from thence; that in short they might do "their way, but he would his; that he had "not now an enemy in the world, public or "private; and that he would not make himself "any for the sake of propagating doctrines, he "did not understand, and would not take the "trouble to study: that he should say his "prayers as he used to do, and had no doubt of "their being heard, while he only begged bles- "sings on his beloved people. So if these "wise brothers-in-law would learn of him to "enjoy life, instead of shortening it by unne- "cessary cares, he invited them to see him "the next morning play a great match at "tennis."

IRELAND AS IT IS.

IF there be any case, in which, more than another, it behoves those, who venture to state an opinion, to satisfy their own minds perfectly of the justice of their impression, it is that, wherein their opinion, if adopted and acted upon, would be decisive of the happiness or misery of millions of their fellow creatures. Yet, so indisposed or incapable is the bulk of mankind, to undertake or exercise this important function of intellectual and independent beings, that there is no imposition too gross, no error too flagrant, not to obtain the countenance and support of the ignorant and unreflecting. The facility of being deluded is the prerogative of the vulgar and unlettered; and whilst there are dupes there will be impostors. Even those who are fully competent to form a judgment, are the automatons of habit, influence, or association, unless where their own immediate interests hang upon the result of their decision. Public measures are of wide operation, and comparatively distant consequences; and, unless their effects be locally felt, or faithfully exposed, the generality of the people seldom bestow a thought upon them. This is more particularly the case, when the interests of remote parts only of the empire are at stake, and the existence of habitual prejudices adds to the facility of popular delusion. Weak men with heated imaginations, and wicked men with factious objects, are equally ready to promote their respective purposes, by stimulating the

very worst propensities of the unthinking part of the community. No part of the Empire has suffered, in this way, so much as Ireland, because no part has been so uniformly traduced, misrepresented, and condemned, either in the whole or in part, by almost all of those who have undertaken to give to the British public an idea of its actual situation. We have had bigots of all sects, and partisans of all factions amongst the labourers in this department; but, from the gross mistatements in Parliament, down to the unblushing ignorance and effrontery of the wretched pamphlet by Mr. John Bowles, there has not been any statement made to the public, founded upon a comprehensive conception of the real extent of Irish grievances, and the absolute necessity of adequate redress. In judging of the actual state of Ireland, it would be absurd to apply any standard, by which the circumstances of any other country are usually estimated. Free without the benefits of the constitution, commercial without the possession of capital, and agricultural in spite of every discouragement, the state of that country defies all parallel or competition. To be justly ascertained, it must be estimated as it is, without reference to any other country; and the investigation, that is to lead to any general result, must be conducted with a view to the interests of the people, and not for local, partial, or party purposes. The great and immediate cause of the distresses of Ireland is the want of capital; the intermediate cause, which produces that want of capital, arises from the frequent disturbances, interrupting this public tranquillity, and endangering the individual security of the inhabitants of that country; and the remote or ultimate cause is to be found in the high rents and the extravagant exactions of proprietors, proctors, and middlemen. This is the climax by which we ascend to the true source and origin of Irish calamities. The statement may be unpalateable to the Irish landlords, but it is not the less founded; and no one of them, in or out of Parliament, will venture to contradict it. The fact is well known to every one, in the slightest degree acquainted with that country, that it would require more brass than Mr. Bowles has proved himself to possess by writing on a subject, of which he is totally ignorant to deny it. But I shall proceed to examine the precise manner in which these causes respectively act, and here we shall find, that, though by a regular analysis of their operation and series, they follow in the order in which I have placed them, yet such is the equality of their action and reaction, that they reciprocally produce each other and are produced. The want of capital acts in a variety of ways to depress the people, and retard the prosperity of Ireland. Most of the multiplied sources of employment and industry, which afford support and wealth to the population of other states, are absolutely shut to the people of Ireland for want of sufficient means to prosecute them with success or effect. Only a single manufacture, and that confined to one province, diversifies the labours of the industrious classes. A country possessing every advantage of soil, of climate, and of favourable situation, for every purpose of manufactures and commerce, absolutely languishes in a declining state, because it has not the opportunity of developing its natural resources. The commercial jealousy of the English mercantile and manufacturing interests, at the commencement of last century, blasted the manufacturing prospects of Ireland, as if England could suffer by the prosperity of that country. The present century opened with some prospect of the extinction of that narrow spirit of monopoly, which construed the health of the extremity, as the decay of the trunk. But it is in vain, that new prospects and a more auspicious feeling towards Ireland prevails, the defect of capital cramps its every exertion, and the unfortunate propensity of its gentry to emulate the expenditure of their more affluent neighbours in this country, and their consequent exactions from those, who hold under them, keep the seeds of discontent alive, and close the door against the introduction of British capital.—The industry of the people, therefore, is, and must be confined to the operations of husbandry and speculations in land. Labour, like every thing else, which is to be purchased, must be similarly affected by the number and variety of markets, and the nature and extent of the demand for it. When the vent is limited and the sellers numerous out of all proportion, the price must sink, and the competition will be, not who shall gain most, but who shall lose least by the sale. Indispensable necessity obliges the unfortunate man, who brings his labour to market, to dispose of it at whatever it will fetch, because he has scarcely an alternative but irremediable want and starvation. But the measure of his suffering does not end here. The same overflow of the market, that reduces the price of labour, enhances the rent of lands, and extends to the other extreme the sources of popular grievance. Many bidders produce high prices, and avaricious proprietors take advantage of the demand to add to their exactions,

To this it may be answered, that the undertaking is voluntary on the part of him, who rents land, and that the proprietor has a right to dispose of his property to the best advantage. But how can that be voluntary, which is the fruit of dire and inevitable necessity? The labourer must come into any terms, or be destitute of the means of subsistence for his family. The landlord unquestionably has a right to dispose of his land on the most advantageous terms, but as unquestionably he is bound in justice to raise the price he pays for labour in the same proportion, that he adds to the amount of rent for his land. Thus between the overcharges of the land proprietors and the middlemen, and the under rates of labour, the poor and oppressed peasantry are scarcely able to procure a wretched subsistence, bereft of many of the necessaries, and totally destitute of any of the comforts or conveniencies of life.—It should in this place be observed, that the agricultural labourers are not the sole sufferers from these causes. All the working classes in Ireland, except in the cities and great towns, are cultivators, and consequently severely affected by the extravagant rents demanded for lands. The uncertainty of employment, and the ambition of being independant of the market for sustenance, make them submit to any terms, in order that they may have the means of raising produce for their own consumption. The practice, however, is general, when possible, amongst the poorer classes in Ireland, of tilling a certain portion of land for the support of their families. In all the acts of the legislature, for securing the rights of landlords or tenants, and regulating their respective interests and claims, there is no provision whatever to be found, that includes, within its protecting operation, this most numerous and oppressed class of occupants. An abolition or commutation of tythes would not afford relief to them, unless some effectual measures should be taken, to shelter them from the exactions of the land proprietors and middlemen. The tenure, by which they hold, is universally annual, and, if we may judge of the future by the past, there is too much reason to conclude, that, so far as their interests are concerned, the removal of the burden of tythes would not be attended with any material advantage. The comparative cheapness of provisions is, in general, an indication of nascent wealth and growing prosperity. In general it is so, but in this particular case it is otherwise. The price of provisions is compounded of the price of the labour, land, and materials, employed in their production. If the price of those be low, whilst the price of any one or two of these be raised, it must follow, that there is a correspondent reduction in the price of the remaining component part or parts of the price of provisions.—Thus, within the last thirty years the rents of lands have been trebled to the farmers, and quadrupled to the peasantry, whilst the price of labour has scarcely advanced one-fourth, and the price of every material necessary to cultivation has been trebled; so that, if the price of provisions has trebled within that period, as it undoubtedly has, it must be obvious, that the farmer is indemnified, for the advance of his rent, by the proportionate advance in the price of his produce, but that the great mass of the people is subjected to treble the burthen as to provisions, and quadruple the oppression as to rents, whilst their means have received only a fractional addition of one-fourth, or at most one-half, during the last thirty years.—This point is susceptible of arithmetical demonstration. If we suppose the price of labour thirty years ago to have been as four, and that the produce of his labour was, at that time, adequate to the maintenance of a peasant's family, we may designate the price of provisions or the rent of lands, at the same period, by the same numerical denominator four. The present price of provisions, of labour, and the rent of lands let to the peasantry will be clearly ascertained, by applying the proportion of their respective augmentation to this common denominator. The result is, that labour, increased one-half at most, is now as six, provisions trebled as twelve, and rents quadrupled as sixteen. So that, taking the average of rent and provisions at fourteen, the disproportion, between the labourer's necessary expenditure and his means, is nearly as two and a half to one. Under such circumstances, it would appear impossible for him to subsist himself and family by his labour; and the fact would be so, if the possession of a small portion of land, to raise produce for their support, did not enable him to compensate for the low price of his labour, and the extravagant rent of the land, by the intense and incessant exertions with which he cultivates it, both before and after his daily work. This statement alone will suffice to refute the calumnies, so commonly circulated and believed of the Irish peasantry, that they are idle, indolent, and lazy. When engaged in the business of their landlords, or rather task-masters, who are anxious to get as much and pay as little as they can, they unquestionably do not display as much alacrity and effort as when

working for themselves. It is not in human nature to be reconciled to such an inequality of exaction and consideration. The wretched peasant, therefore, does not feel scrupulous of withholding some portion of his full and competent services, under a firm conviction, that, how long soever he may reduce the amount of his labour, it will still be far more than an equivalent for the remuneration which he is to receive. It is not the peasant, then, that is lazy, but his employer, that is oppressive; and the reason why the former always is supposed, when the latter ought to be the impression, is, because the characters of both are uniformly taken from the representations of those who think they have an interest in concealing the real state of the case, because they would otherwise become self-accusers. The advocates of the abolition of the slave trade constantly argued, that the indolence imputed to slaves was a consequence of their unhappy condition. If these very humane gentlemen had given themselves the trouble to examine, but superficially, into the state and circumstances of the Irish peasantry, who are accused of the same inertness, they would have found room for the exercise of their philanthropy, amongst a population, nominally free, but actually subjected to all the miseries of bondage. They would have perceived, that the imputed quality was but a consequence of the reaction of a reasoning principle against outrageous oppression, and they would have been encouraged to engage in the laudable work of redress, by the animating prospect of procuring comfort for so many millions of their fellow freemen and subjects. In truth and in fact, the condition of the slaves in the West Indies, except in the sentimental consciousness of freedom, is paradise, compared with the situation of the unfortunate peasantry of Ireland. For though debarred of the actual enjoyment of that first blessing of man in his civil state—liberty, they possess all the substantial comforts that can be procured from its exercise, in their sphere. Well clad, well fed, well lodged, and amply provided with every necessary care and attendance, they, unhappy as a condition of slavery must be, are exempted from those anxieties and afflictions, which the vicissitudes of seasons and the revolutions of property ordinarily bring upon their owners. Whatever may be the circumstances of the planter, his slaves, as a most valuable part of his property, must be properly attended to. The contrast between their situation and that of the peasants of Ireland, may be amply, though summarily, described, in the negative enumeration of negro comforts and accommodations. Badly, or rather scarcely clad, ill fed, and worse lodged, dependant upon his own means alone for every necessary to restore health or sustain life, and exposed to all the hardships of a state of slavery, without any of the advantages of a state of freedom, the Irish peasant drags on a miserable existence, embittered by intolerable practical burthens, and incapable of alleviation by the communication of any political rights. What has been stated above renders it scarcely necessary to pursue this subject further; yet it will not be amiss to add another illustration of the amount of the sufferings of the mass of the people of Ireland. The population of that country is now ascertained to be about five millions. Protestant bigots will state it to be less, as Catholic bigots will, perhaps, represent it greater; but, however it may suit the former to extenuate, or the latter to exaggerate the fact, for the purpose of decrying or enhancing the Catholic claims, public documents and political calculation, prove the population of Ireland to exceed five millions of souls. Upon these grounds therefore I take its population at five millions: and, as in this inqury we have nothing to do with sects or factions, I shall, according to my former grand distinction, consider that population as composed of two descriptions of persons, the oppressors, and those, that are oppressed. In the former are included all the land proprietors both absentees and residents, and all the various denominations and classes of popular scourges, the middlemen; in the latter the whole mass of the labouring poor; and I have reason to assume the number of the former at one million, and that of the latter at four. Now, however, accident or good fortune, or unusual means from rare success, may enable some out of this vast number occassionally to vary their regular course of diet, the great staple of their support consists of potatoes. The average consumption of potatoes in a family of six persons, amounts to twenty stones in six days, or twleve hundred and twenty stones in the year. The average produce of an acre of land in culture for potatoes is eighty-two barrels of twenty stones each. From these averages of produce and consumption we shall find the consumption of the whole four millions of people to be forty millions and six hundred thousand barrels, and the quantity of land necessary to raise that produce to be about five hundred thousand acres. It will, no doubt, be objected, that some portion of this description

of persons consume other kinds of food, and consequently less of that, which is assumed, as the great staple of their support. But, though that fact be admitted, it can have no material effect upon the result just stated, nor upon that which is to follow.

The average rent paid for potatoe land by the labouring poor, is much under-rated at six guineas per acre per annum, and the average rent of their cabins far exceeds two guineas per annum; whilst the average charge for tythes is at least fifteen shillings per acre. The result of these averages, which I challenge any man of Ireland to question, is that four millions of the Irish nation raise a subsistence, such as it is, and God knows how miserable their fare is, for themselves from five hundred thousand acres of land, for which, and tythes, and the wretched hovels, they in general have to dwell in, they pay by their labour alone to their oppressors of all denominations, the enormous sum of *five million two hundred and ninety thousand pounds*, Irish currency, annually!!!

Let the land proprietors and noblemen, who, in prosecuting their selfish objects, represent themselves as the people of Ireland, reflect upon this statement and invalidate any item of it if they can; let them state, if they dare, or shew, if they are able, that the clergy, who are by law entitled to one-tenth of the produce of the land, in demanding little more than one-tenth of the rent, exacted for that land, are to be considered as the oppressors of the people; let them ask themselves this tremendous question, whether a population so oppressed can be wedded to their privations, or dread a change; and if, after this process, they shall persevere in bringing a case before Parliament, let them take care to present themselves in a character free of suspicion, and with such a representation of the real grievances of their country, as may lead to a radical and complete investigation of its actual situation, and terminate in such measures, as the wisdom of Parliament may recommend for the comfort, tranquillity, and happiness of the whole nation.

WESTPHALIA BARNS.

THESE are termed *Scheueren*, or barns, where rationals and irrationals, men, women, and children, with all their live stock, dwell under one roof, and in the same apartment.—The family occupy the extreme part of the building, at the greatest distance from the door, which is mostly at the gable-end; horses, milch-cows, and oxen, are ranged on the right and left, towards the entrance; hogs and poultry take possession of the middle space. In consequence of this disposition, the hearth, or fire-place, is very remote from the door; and the smoke, which is generally of oakwood, finding no chimney, or immediate vent, collecting in ample ringlets in the upper regions, is diffused in copious streams over the whole building, and its superabundance escapes at the barn door. At once to form a beneficial stream, and to facilitate its passage, a large reflecting-board is placed perpendicularly above the fire-place, at such a due height, that it prevents the smoke from collecting among the beams and rafters, by diffusing each column, as it rises, over the middle regions.

Some of these *Scheueren*, or barns, have a secondary apartment, called a *stube*, or stove-room, which is warmed by a stove or furnace, placed contiguous to the wall, and generally heated from without, by an opening in the partition-wall; so that the air in the apartment has no access to the fuel, but receives a close, sultry, and unwholesome heat, from the accumulation of ignited particles, which have no proper vent. These machines are called ovens; a generic term that we have appropriated to a particular species of furnace, to which the common ones in Germany bear a close resemblance. The ovens of the rich and great are very elegant, consisting of cast iron, highly ornamented with figures in relief, or cased with valuable Saxon China. In large and spacious apartments, these ovens may be useful and necessary; but in these small *stubes*, they yield an impure and suffocating heat. They appear to be the chief causes of those pulmonary complaints that are so frequent in Germany, as well as in England, where we study so much the luxury of warm apartments, while they are scarcely known in Holland, where the rooms are much more lofty, the fires less violent, and the inhabitants warmer clad; so that they are happily exempt from the sudden change of atmosphere.

The filth, which must accumulate in great

abundance in so large a family, is formed into a dung-hill planted immediately before the door. All the villages, therefore, as they abound with farmers, abound with these mountains; the infusion of which, in a rainy season, flows in copious streams along the streets, and necessitates those inhabitants that are above abject poverty to use boats.

The superior excellence of a Westphalia ham to any other—that epicurean *gout* which gives them a decided preference—is, in a great measure, to be ascribed to the construction of the *Scheueren*, and to their being without chimnies. The hams are suspended in the thickest part of this stream, or current of smoke, a few yards from the board by which it has been repelled: thus they are constantly exposed to a suffusion of an acrid anti-putrescent principle: for, it is well known, that the smoke of oak-wood is more penetrating and anti-putrescent than that of any other fuel; and this principle is constantly operating, without being applied in that degree of heat which produces rancidity, as is the case with all chimney-smoked hams.

This I take to be the immediate, or the proximate cause of more excellent fumigation. But I imagine also, that there are pre-disposing causes, respecting the subject smoked, which operate more frequently in this country than in any other ham-creating region.

The swine are permitted to wander at large, and to frequent woods that abound with acorns; and they fatten, while they are enjoying all the benefits of air and motion, which render their flesh firm, healthy and nutritive; nor is the covering of fat so excessive and obaginous as when the animals are supported on very scanty fare, the greater part of their lives, and gorged with a superabundance the small remainder. This cause operates *durante vita*; another takes place *post obitum*. The hams are not exposed to this suffusion of smoke, until, by being placed in a warm and moist situation, they have acquired that degree of softness which precedes putrefaction. Then they are duly salted, and exposed to the current.

In every one of these Westphalia barns, you may see an incredible quantity of bacon, hams, breasts and hind-quarters of ducks and geese, exposed to the beneficial current, partly for domestic consumption, and partly for sale.

I was surprised in almost every village through which I passed, at the number and size of the flocks of geese and ducks, as well as the quantity of other poultry, that crowded the streets, so as frequently to obstruct the wheels of my carriage, Such an enviable abundance of provisions, and the consequent abundance of down and other feathers, is the natural result of a number of small farms, which support large families, and render not merely the necessaries, but the delicacies of life, plentiful and cheap. There is scarcely an infant in a cottage, notwithstanding their apparent poverty, that does not sleep, in the winter season, between two feather beds; nor is there the least danger that any individual should starve with hunger. It is true, "evil communication corrupts good manners;" the owners of these *Scheueren* are nearly as dirty as their stock in trade. Their style of cookery is also disgusting, and their bread is wretched.

The abundance of feathers proceeds, in part, from the universal custom of plucking the down from the breast, and from under the wing, twice a year. This is a painful operation to the patient, and apparently cruel in the agent: nor can it be justified from any other principle, than as being the *conditio sine qua non*, of their existence, and the care taken of them. There seems to be a tacit convention between the two species of vipeds, rational and irrational, by virtue of which, geese and ducks consent to be thus painfully twitched twice a year, and to be eaten at the close of life, upon condition of being well fed during the whole circle of their existence, with the most fattening dainties.

DIALOGUE IN THE SHADES, BETWEEN CHURCHILL AND COLLINS.

BY CLIO RICKMAN.

COLLINS.

WHERE so fast, Charles? You might at least congratulate me on the honour the world are doing my memory; and felicitate me upon obtaining that fame, which an insensible nation would not give me, while living.

CHURCHILL.

That nation was not so much to blame, Collins! Your productions were too allegorical and abstracted to be understood, but by the few; and the sale of your poems, among them, could not be sufficient for your main-

tenance. But what am I to congratulate you upon?

COLLINS.

A committee is appointed, at the head of which is one of the first Poets in England, who is forwarding a subscription for erecting a monument to my memory, in the Cathedral Church, at Chichester. You know I was a native of Chichester. On this monument will be an inscription applausive of my compositions; I suppose not less than 5 or 600*l.* will be raised, and expended for that purpose. Is not this doing my memory justice?

CHURCHILL.

It is making a *parade* of doing so; but your fair fame has been long established among those, whom it is alone flattering to be beloved by. Your elegant verses have always charmed, and always will, all true poets, and all men of fine taste and delicacy of sentiment. The little popular whim of erecting the monument you talk of, cannot surely call a smile into your face. This, was I in your place, would not convey any pleasure to my mind, equal to that which I should receive by that most excellent little piece of biography, Dr. Langhorne's Life of you. This, indeed, does you credit, as does his notes on your writings. I do not mean to hurt your feelings, Collins! but this pompous tribute to your memory, puts me in mind of what a wit of our day said, on Butler's monument being placed in Westminster Abbey.

"He asked for bread, and he received a stone."

COLLINS.

I understand you; here we agree:—Our reflections on this head, I dare say, are as they always were. You, indeed, never was in *absolute* want. Your writings were bold and satirical: they hit the humour of the times you lived in: they were generally read, paid you well, and obtained you a fame as rapid and extensive, as it was deserved, and will be lasting. You was a much greater poet than myself, and much more voluminous in your compositions. Have not the world honoured you with a monument?

CHURCHILL.

No: a little head-stone, in an *obscure churchyard, at Dover*, is all that covers my ashes; and my memory is disgraced by an *ill-written* and *nonsensical* inscription, on a vulgar tablet in Saint Mary's church, in that town. Ah! Collins! by what pernicious maxims to our peace, and its own true glory, is the world governed; if, in the year 1744 and 1745, "when you was starving in London," a subscription had been raised, equal to that which this monument will cost, and laid out in an annuity, or any other way for you, your health and peace might have been preserved: your life much lengthened; and the world might have had many volumes of works, better, if possible, than the few pieces you have left it; your life would have been more *regular*, and your manners and conversation the instruction and delight of mankind.

COLLINS.

I have often felt the truth of that observation, and would readily give up the present tribute to my memory, that some *living* genius in want, might have it. Strange! that the *pomp of things* of *this sort*, should take from the pockets of those, who will not unbutton them to assist *indigent merit*: and that the very people who contribute to monuments, in honour of the Dead, should let the Living go neglected, and, perhaps rather exult in the depression of Genius!

CHURCHILL.

All this is too true—farewell! I am hurrying to meet Gray and Dyer.

COLLINS.

Adieu! thou English Juvenal.

Note.—It will be understood, that this Dialogue was written some time since. The little head-stone alluded to, in an obscure burying ground, at Dover, I think bears this modest inscription to the great Satirist!—"Here lie "the remains of the celebrated Charles "Churchill.

"Life to the last enjoyed, here Churchill lies."

Candidate.

ANECDOTES OF SCHMITZ, A GERMAN ARTIST.

SOME years ago, while Professor Krahe was superintendant of the gallery of paintings at Dusseldorff, he received a visit from a young baker of the town; who, after a very short introduction, took a book out of his pocket, which he presented to Mr. Krahe, expressing

a desire that he would purchase it. The superintendant found, upon examination, that it was a prayer book, ornamented, in the ancient style of religious foppery, with a number of coloured figures and engravings. It was the one which the elector Clement Augustus, of Cologne, had ordered to be published, and was become very scarce and valuable. The Professor inquired whence he had it; and the young man answered, with a modest blush, that it was a copy from one he had borrowed. "By "whom?"—"By myself," rejoins the youth. Upon a close examination, Mr. Krahe could scarcely distinguish the copy from the original. He could not conceal his surprize, and asked, why he did not practice engraving, rather than continue a baker?

The youth answered, that it was the wish of his soul; but his father, having a numerous family, could not afford the expence of suitable instructions, "I design to travel," adds he, "but, as my father cannot furnish the means, "and as I knew that you was fond of draw-"ings, I was emboldened to make this appli-"cation to you, in hopes that you would pur-"chase the copy, to furnish immediate help, "and I must trust to my industry and good "fortune, for future advancement."

Call here to-morrow, without fail, says Mr. Krahe, with an emphasis that manifested pleasure and astonishment.

Early the next morning the Professor called upon an intimate friend at Keyserswerth, a few miles distant from Dusseldorff; of which place the young man was a native.

This friend, with the power, had the disposition to do good. Krahe told him the story, shewed him the workmanship, and begged of him to lend the young artist two hundred crowns. He will doubtless, adds he, become in a few years, a distinguished engraver, and be able to reimburse you. I will be surety for the payment.

I take no security, answered his friend; and he advanced three hundred crowns.

Krahe returned to the astonished and transported baker with the money. He quitted the oven, learned geometry and perspective, applied to drawing according to the rules of the art, and acquired a competent knowledge of history.

After assiduous application, for the space of two years, the young man had made such rapid progress, that Mr. Krahe advised him to quit Dusseldorff, where no further improvement was to be expected, and visit Paris, promising him a letter of introduction to Mr. Willes, a celebrated engraver in that metropolis.

Schmitz (for this was the young man's name) put his advice in execution; and in order to economize his little store, he travelled on foot from Dusseldorff to Paris. But unfortunately, he fell ill immediately upon his arrival; and, altho' he applied to a monastry, where he was hospitably received and carefully attended, yet incidental expences, during an illness of some continuance, had entirely exhausted his little store. Upon his recovery, that delicate kind of pride, which so frequently accompanies true genius, forbade his making application to Mr. Willes, while he must appear as an indigent beggar.

One day as he was walking pensively in the streets, his mind occupied with his unfortunate situation, he was met by two soldiers of the Swiss guards; one of them accosted him with the enquiry, Young man are you not a German? Yes.—From whence?—From Keyserswerth, near Dusseldorff.—You are my countryman.—What do you here?—Schmitz relates to him the particulars of his history; adding, that a long illness had exhausted a large portion of his time, and all his money; and that he could not support the idea of being troublesome to any one. The soldiers advised him to enlist, assuring him that the service was not severe, and that he would have leisure to follow the bent of his genius. Schmitz accepted the proposition, was introduced to the captain of the regiment, was enlisted for four years, and shortly after was introduced to Mr. Willes, by the captain himself. As much time was indulged him, as the nature of the service would admit, to pursue his favourite object, under the direction of Mr. Willes. He continued in this situation the four years, when he received his dismission.

Finding that he was in the line of improvement, he continued at Paris two years longer, applying himself, with the utmost diligence, to the art of engraving: at the expiration of which term he returned home, with the best attestations concerning his talents, industry, and moral conduct.

Professor Krahe received him with open arms, was charmed with the progress he had made, and engaged him to work in the cabinet. He continued to work under the inspection of the Professor about two years, conducting himself in such a manner as to gain upon the affections of his patron.

It was about this period that the Professor invited our artist to an entertainment, where several of his friends were to be present. He met his friends, and was entering into the joys of convivial intercourse, when he was informed

that the entertainment was in honour of a stranger. But alas! this stranger was the destined husband of the Professor's eldest daughter;—beautiful, in his eyes, as an angel, and wise, in his judgment, as the goddess of wisdom. He made as precipitate a retreat as decency would permit, and left the brisk glass and jovial song to circulate among the happy.

The next morning he returned to the cabinet with the utmost dejection of mind and countenance. This sudden change was noticed by his benefactor, who enquired into the cause.—Schmitz, in confused expressions, and with faultering voice, confessed that he had fallen deeply in love with that very daughter who was shortly to be in the possession of another.

"Have you intimated to my daughter, the "strength of your affection?" said Krahe.

Never, answered the noble youth, not in the most distant manner. Could I, without title, fortune, or pretensions of any kind, be so base as to speak of love to the daughter of my friend, my patron, and benefactor? I was contented to see her, and was careful to conduct myself in such a manner that no suspicions might arise to debar me of that happiness; and now I learn, that I am shortly to be deprived of the only satisfaction to which I had dared to aspire.

The benevolent Professor tried his utmost to soothe and comfort him—assured him of the strength of his affection, that he loved him as his own child—but warned him to subdue his love for Henrietta; expatiating upon the criminality, circumstanced as they were, of indulging the passion.

The poor young man admitted the force of the argument, and promised to obey. But the struggle was too much for his constitution. He fell ill, and continued in a dangerous state upwards of four months. Mr. Krahe paid him every attention, and gave him every consolation in his power. But, in all their interviews, the name of Henrietta was never mentioned.—His lamentable situation, however, could not be concealed from her. She sympathized, and most sincerely pitied; but, though pity is near a-kin to love, duty and honour interposed a barrier between them.

The intended husband returned to his parents; and it was not difficult to perceive, from the tenure of his letters, that certain objections were started by them to the union. Although he dared not express his own sentiments fully upon this occasion, yet Henrietta devined them, and gave him full power to follow the genuine bent of his own inclinations, renouncing every claim upon his promise. The answer was correspondent to her expectations; and, allowing a short interval for the suppression of that chagrin which the injured pride of every young lady must suffer in such delicate situations, she permitted the sufferings of Schmitz to engage more of her thoughts—generously indulged her compassion, until she found it blended with affection—and, finally addressed her father thus:—"Sir, I know it has been your wish, "to have Schmitz for your son-in-law. Every "obstacle is removed. Tell him, that Hen-"rietta will be his, if she can promote his "felicity."

The joyful father informed him of this declaration in his favour, but the good news was as like to have proved fatal, as his despair.—Recovering from his emotions, and leaning on the arm of his benefactor, he was conducted to the generous object of his passion; and, by passing the evening in her company, he was cheered, comforted, and restored.

But how great was the surprize of every one, when they learned the next morning, that the lover had left the town in a carriage with four horses, and had carried his plates and drawings with him!—What astonishment to Krahe!—What a thunder stroke to poor Henrietta!

This was so apparently the act of a disordered brain, that his return was dreaded as much as his flight was lamented! Nor did they receive a single line in the interval, to remove their doubts. On the ninth day he returned from Munich, with an order for a pension of six hundred florins per annum, to be paid to Schmitz by the treasurer of the Palatinate.—He had been to throw himself at the feet of the Elector Palatine. He discovered to him his love—his situation—shewed him the certificates of his conduct, and the specimens of his workmanship. The heart of the Elector was moved, and he gave him the pension.

"Now, Sir," says the generous-hearted Schmitz, "I am more worthy of my Hen-"rietta."

REVIEW OF LITERATURE.

CONSIDERATIONS ON THE CAUSES, OBJECTS, AND CONSEQUENCES OF THE PRESENT WAR;

And on the Expediency or the Danger of Peace with France. By William Roscoe.

THE subject of this pamphlet is so extensive, that it would be unreasonable to expect a profound discussion of the various topics which it embraces. Its primary object, indeed, is not very well defined; and, after an attentive consideration, we know not whether it was the chief design of the author to write strictures on the policy and conduct of the war with the French revolution, or to urge the policy and advantage of peace. This want of unity and distinctness in the object of the pamphlet has much impaired its effect. The various expositions and arguments tell in their individual capacity merely; as they tend not clearly to a common point, their united efficacy is not felt; the force of union and concentration is lost.

The author begins, by informing us, that the last year of the war has consummated the proof of this important proposition, that we fight with Bonaparte in a losing contest. This proposition, however, in the sense in which Mr. Roscoe seems to receive it, we do not admit. Mr. Roscoe appears to think that we lose in the contest faster than our antagonist; but, in our opinion, this idea is entertained without evidence. We see no way in which we are likely to suffer by the war, in which our antagonist must not suffer equally. If Bonaparte is secure against any conquests we can make from him, we are secure against any conquests he can make from us; if we are ill able to bear the expence of war, the French are not less so: the efforts of our enemy against our commerce will be found to be nugatory, as soon as ever we repeal our foolish orders in council.

There is another, and a very important sense, however, in which we may be emphatically said to play a losing game in this lamentable contest. If the question is, not whether our enemy or we lose the most; but whether our own gains or our losses are the greatest, the answer is one, and incontrovertible: Our losses are enormous, while our gains are nothing, and while not even a hope can be presented, that the disastrous nature of the contest will alter.

Mr. Roscoe exhibits an instructive view of the pretexts on which the war with the French revolution has been maintained in this country. There has been a curious succession of pleas; whenever one lost its efficacy, another started up in its place. First, we were stimulated to fight "*for the preservation of the established* "*order of Europe.*" We have fought till that order is entirely at an end. Never was a nation more unfortunate than we, if this was our great and wonderful object. Cruel is the comparison between this first plea, and that to which we are now reduced: We who began the contest *for the preservation of the established order of Europe*, are now called upon to fight, *for our own existence as a nation*. How deplorable is the change! After having lost every thing which can be lost for other nations, we are now, it seems, in danger of losing every thing for ourselves. Ill-fated contest! Well may Mr. Roscoe deplore thee.

There is one pretext for the war with France, on which we could wish that Mr. Roscoe had dwelt a little longer. It is expressed in the following passage, quoted from Lord Hawkesbury's speech, 29th Nov. 1801. "The great "object of the war was to prevent the in- "troduction of the pernicious principles that "were then prevalent in France. These prin- "ciples being now materially changed, the ne- "cessity of continuing the contest no longer "became evident." To prevent the introduction of these principles, though here stated as *the great object of the war*, was never avowed as a pretext, till this period, when the contest appeared to be terminated. This passage, however, of Lord Hawkesbury's speech, is an important acknowledgement by a party concerned, of a great and extraordinary historical fact. The observer who can penetrate beyond the disguises which statesmen spread over their transactions had no occasion for this acknowledgement. But to that great mob of mankind who can only be moved by arguments, which they can see with their eyes, hear with their

ears, or which their hands can handle, evidence thus open, palpable, and broad, was necessary and desirable. Lord Hawkesbury was a party in the councils of the war from the beginning. With the whole secrets of Ministerial policy he was acquainted; nor in this assertion, with the greater part of the Ministers present, by whom the war had been undertaken and carried on, did he receive the least contradiction. The fact then is, and, God knows, it is an extraordinary fact, that the war with the French revolution—a war which has afflicted us so long, which has cost us such unparalleled sacrifices, which has entailed upon us such heavy calamities, was begun, to prevent *the introduction among us of French principles!* Mercy on us! could the introduction of French principles be prevented, by no means less dreadful and ruinous than these? Deep are the curses which a suffering posterity has in store for the authors of that wretched and calamitous policy!

After reviewing several other pretexts, such as the restoration of the Bourbon Family, the allegation that the Government of France was unable to maintain the accustomed relations of peace and amity, the acquisition of indemnity for the past and security for the future, the author then remarks, that these and all other similar pleas for fighting with France, were finally renounced by the Treaty of Amiens. He takes particular notice of that phenomenon, the wonderful joy, testified by the people on the conclusion of that treaty; a joy, not on account of any one object we had attained by the war, but solely because we had got out of the war.

Proceeding in the historical order, the author examines the causes which led to the rupture of the Peace of Amiens. To the unfounded clamours of interested, or bigoted individuals, he ascribes, and ascribes justly, great part of the lamentable effect. To the disputes between the two Governments, about the licentiousness of the press, Mr. Roscoe probably ascribes more than their due effects; and his review of this question cannot be complimented as very profound, but we are entirely of his opinion, that the rupture of the Treaty of Amiens might, by wise and manly conduct, by a proper mixture of firmness and conciliation, have been avoided, with all the calamities, which the renewal of the war has brought upon us, and upon Europe.

Shortly tracing the circumstances of Mr. Addington's removal from power, and the consequent return of Mr. Pitt, the author comes he coalition against France, which Mr. Pitt then formed on the continent. The impolicy and errors of this futile attempt, had been pretty well exposed in preceeding publications; and Mr. Roscoe seldom attains much novelty. This topic is closed with a character of Mr. Pitt, and an opinion respecting the effects of his administration. In this, of course, there are many controverted points, which it is obviously beyond our limits to consider. We cannot, however, compliment the delineator upon much discrimination and depth, though it is elegant, and in some of the thoughts indicates sagacity.

The next point in historical order, after the circumstances which led to the formation of Mr. Fox's Ministry, is the negotiation opened by that statesman for peace. The account given by Mr. Roscoe of this negotiation is purely panegyrical. It is, therefore, entirely useless. It is merely a piece of party declamation. Had that negotiation not been egregiously mismanaged, peace, which Mr. Roscoe desires, might have been had. The declarations of that ministry on the rupture of the negotiation, declarations which Mr. Roscoe, if he does not praise, takes care not to condemn, are unfortunately in flat contradiction to some of his leading opinions and objects. Thus in the Manifesto, published in his Majesty's name upon that rupture, the Ministry avow, "that the restoration of the general tranquil-"lity was retarded only by the injustice and "ambition of the enemy;" and the people were told, "that all their dearest interests "were at stake; that no sacrifices they can "be called on to make, are to be compared to "the certain disgrace and ruin of yielding to "the injurious pretensions of the enemy." We have the authority of the King's late Declaration in answer to that of the Emperor of Russia upon the attack on Copenhagen, for pronouncing that these asseverations were unjust and false. We are there assured that Bonaparte conceded every point which concerned the interests of Great Britain, and that the negotiation was broken off on points, surely not essential to the interests of Russia, because she has now given them up. Where, then, is "that injustice and ambition of the enemy, "which retarded the restoration of the general "tranquillity?" Where are those "injurious "pretensions, the yielding to which involved "such disgrace and ruin as beyond compari-"son surpassed all the sacrifices we can be "called on to make?"

What will the reader say of Mr. Roscoe's consistency, who can praise without limita-

tion the ministry that uttered these declarations, and yet afterwards undertake to prove, that France shewed no injustice and ambition in the business of that negotiation? "In the "terms France offered to Great Britain," says Mr. Roscoe, "she appears to have assented to "the demands of his Majesty's ministers, as "far as the interests of this country were con-"cerned. But we had also to contend for the "demands of Russia. What then were those "demands? Were they such as Russia ought "to have expected, or as France was likely "to grant?" He then adds a variety of considerations to prove, that the demands of Russia were extravagant and unreasonable; and thus concludes: "Whether, in this instance, "the accusation of ambition, rapacity, and "unbounded thirst of dominion, be more pro-"perly applied to France or to Russia, the "impartial reader will judge." If all this be as Mr. Roscoe says, the ministry that accused France in the violent terms above quoted were guilty of a flagrant and abominable falsehood; yet Mr. R. sees nothing in their whole conduct but grounds of the most unbounded applause.

After touching upon a few intermediate events, the author comes to the attack upon Copenhagen, which he discusses from the 66th page to the 93d. This is by far the most masterly part of the pamphlet. The argument against that memorable and eventful measure, is treated with great eloquence and pathos. It is a powerful address both to the head and the heart. It would be doing it great injustice to attempt to analyse it.

The pamphlet concludes with an argument for peace. But upon this we cannot bestow equal compliments. It is feeble and superficial; and consisting more of assertion than argument, its effect on the prejudices of the many by whom peace is opposed, will not, we are sorry to say, be very great.

The pamphlet bears the usual marks of Mr. Roscoe's genius. He is an elegant, pleasing writer; but he is a very superficial politician. Of political economy he is profoundly ignorant, as appears by a note, full of nonsense, on Mr. Spence's doctrine against commerce. He is a friend to liberty, and so far is guided by the true philosophy of politics; but he seems not to know well wherein liberty consists; and still less the means of attaining it. The flatterer of a party; and of a party who, after the loudest pretences, shewed any thing rather than a love to liberty when in power, cannot be considered as the enlightened and disinterested friend of the rights of his fellow creatures.

BRITAIN INDEPENDENT OF COMMERCE, BY MR. SPENCE, F. L. S.

COMMERCE DEFENDED;

An Answer to the Arguments, by which Mr. Spence, Mr. Cobbett and others have attempted to prove, that Commerce is not a Source of National Wealth. By James Mill, Esq.

THE situation of the country, in consequence of the extended influence of France, has excited a degree of attention to the former of these pamphlets, to which, from its intrinsic character, it has no pretensions. It is the production of a man, who is evidently neither a philosopher nor a merchant, who seems to have gone into political economy just far enough to confuse himself and bewilder others. In ordinary times, a pamphlet of this description would have lain forgotten on the shelf, but the present disposition of the country is so warlike, that we open, with prepossession, any book which promises to aid the vigorous prosecution of our contest with France, without much considering at what expence this aid may be purchased. Mr. Spence's book has accordingly come to a fourth edition; and, in spite of its clumsy diction, and absurd arguments, we hear it frequently spoken of with approbation and almost always with respect. What fate may await Mr. Mill's production is not yet ascertained, as we understand that it has been but a very short time before the public, but we have no hesitation in stating, that he who reads for instruction, who desires to go to the bottom of the subject, will be gratified by its perusal. In his introduction he gives the following description of his two opponents, Mr. Spence and Mr. Cobbett.

"Mr. Spence appears, from his pamphlet, "to have a considerable turn for abstract "thinking, and to be a man of pretty exten-"sive reading in political economy. But his

"mind has not been trained in the logic of "enlarged and comprehensive views. He does "not judge of an extensive and complicated "subject from an exact knowledge of all its "parts, of their various connections and re- "lative importance. It is enough for him to "seize some leading object, or some striking "relation, and from these to draw conclusions "with ingenuity to the whole. Mr. Cobbett is "an author who deals more in assertion than "proof; and therefore a writer who gives rea- "sons for what Mr. Cobbett affirms, is a very "convenient coadjutor. Mr. Cobbett seems "to form his opinions more frequently from a "sort of intuition than from argument. His "mind is but little accustomed to spread out "before itself, the intermediate ideas on which "his conclusions are founded; and the nature of "the education it has received, from its own "unaided progress and exertions, sufficiently "accounts for this peculiarity. It is often "the form rather than the matter in which he "is deficient."

The first chapter of *Commerce Defended* is taken up in inquiring whether our commerce is in reality so insecure as is pretended, and the negative of this point is made clearly to appear by considering how small a portion of the whole world is subject to the sway of France. All America, Africa, and the chief part of Asia, are open to British industry. In regard even to the Continent of Europe it is only to the superficial observer that our trade appears to be excluded; for while it is found to be so difficult to prevent smuggling in the Downs under the very eye of our men of war and of our Custom-house, how impossible must it be to prevent smuggling along the whole coast of the Continent, especially when it would be the general wish of the inhabitants to favour it. Mr. Mill concludes this chapter by showing that we check our exports by our injudicious Orders in Council, much more than it is in Bonaparte's power to do by all his violence. Of this truth we believe our merchants now begin to be sensible.

The second chapter treats of *Land* as a *Source of Wealth*. Mr. Spence contends that "land is the sole source of wealth"—"in that case," says Mr. Mill, "it ought to be the sole object "of taxation. What would the landholders say "to that?" No doubt land is the greatest source of wealth, because while other objects of industry repay only the labour bestowed, land repays the labour and affords rent besides. It by no means follows, however, that it is the only source of wealth.

The third chapter of *Commerce Defended*, treats of the definition of the terms wealth and prosperity. Mr. Spence sagaciously defines "wealth to consist in abundance of capital, "of cultivated and productive land, and of "those things which man usually esteems va- "luable." His antagonist terms this "just "such a definition, as if describing the corporal "part of man, we should say that it consisted "of a trunk, limbs and body." Mr. Mill then subjoins his own definition, which we shall give our readers in his own words:—"Wealth "is relative to the term value—value has, in "common acceptation, two meanings: it sig- "nifies either value in use or value in exchange. "Thus, water has great value in use, but com- "monly has no value in exchange; that is to "say, nothing can be obtained for it in pur- "chase. On the other hand, a diamond or a "ruby has little or no value in use, but great "value in exchange. Now, the term wealth "will always be employed in the following "pages as denoting objects which have a value "in exchange."

The fourth chapter treats of Manufactures; and it is here that the controversy properly begins. Mr. Spence alleges, "that the ma- "nufacturer employed in the preparation "of any commodity consumes a quantity of "corn equal to the value which he has added "to the raw materials of which the article is "composed." Mr. Mill argues that the food consumed is not equal to the value added, and that the price of the manufactured commodity represents also a profit on the capital employed, which profit is clear gain to the country. He adds the following remarks, which, in our opinion, put the matter quite at rest:—"In a "state of agriculture, but moderately im- "proved, the labourers employed in it may be "regarded as raising a produce not less than "five times what they themselves consume. "Were there no manufacturers, the whole of "this surplus produce would be absolutely "useless. Where could it find a purchaser? "It is the manufacturers who convert this "surplus produce into the various articles "useful or agreeable to man, and who thus "add the whole value it obtains to four parts, "at least in five of the produce of the soil."

The fifth chapter treats of Commerce, and is divided into two parts—import and export. First, as to commerce of import, Mr. Spence maintains that nothing is made by it, because we part with an adequate value, either in money or in goods—it is, therefore, a mere exchange. "But," says Mr. Mill, "although

" it is an exchange of equivalents, the same " commodity is of different values in different " countries. A ton of hemp, worth in Russia " only 50*l.*, is worth in Great Britain 65*l.*"— " True," says Mr. Spence, " but this is gain " only to the importer; the nation is not the " richer, as the importer makes his profit out " of somebody in the nation." " At that " rate," rejoins his antagonist, " you would " contend that the nation would be no richer " were these goods miraculously created in " our warehouses—your argument proves too " much." *Commerce of Export* is next discussed, Mr. Spence's doctrine on this head being more complicated than the other; that is, its absurdity is not so immediately evident, but requires a little investigation. Enough, however, is said in this chapter, to amuse the reader at Mr. Spence's cost, and to create surprize, that a writer of such poverty of information should attempt the discussion of difficult subjects.

The sixth chapter of *Commerce Defended*, treats of consumption. On this head Mr. Spence's book is full of his usual errors, and our readers are by this time, perhaps, pretty well tired of the unprofitable enumeration.—Let us give our attention, therefore, to the more instructive reasoning of his antagonist. Consumption, says Mr. Mill, is of two kinds. We say that a manufacturer consumes the wine laid up in his cellar, when he drinks it; we say too, that he has consumed the cotton or the wool in his warehouse, when his workmen have wrought it up. It is very evident, however, that consumption in the one sense means something very different from the other—in the one case it implies extinction, annihilation of property—in the other, renovation or increase. These two senses of the word consumption, are so far from being the same, that the one is more properly the very reverse of the other—the one is absolute consumption; the other is more properly employment. Such being the remarkable difference between the meanings of the word consumption, the man (like Mr. Spence) in whose reasonings and doctrines those meanings are confounded, must arrive at woeful conclusions.

The wealth of a country, consisting in its powers of annual production, must evidently be increased in proportion to the increase of the fund appropriated to employment or reproduction. Now, as the whole annual produce of a country must be either consumed or employed, the more which is applied in one way, the less will remain for appropriation in the other.—" That state of society (page 74) which has a " tendency to draw the greatest proportion of " the annual produce to consumption, is that " in which there is the greatest inequality of " fortunes, and in which there is consequently " the greatest number of persons who have no " occasion to devote themselves to any useful " pursuit. But it is the maintenance of great " fleets and armies, which is always the most " formidable weight in the scale of consumption, and which has the most fatal tendency " to turn the balance against reproduction and " prosperity."

Mr. Mill proceeds to illustrate this idea, by explaining the different effects of employing or of expending 5,000*l.* To this he subjoins the statement of an opinion which, as far as we recollect, is new in political economy, namely, that " the production of commodities is the " one and universal cause which creates a mar- " ket for the commodities produced." His reasoning on this head appears very satisfactory, although it would exceed our limits to extract it. He concludes his sixth chapter by exposing to merited ridicule, the strange idea that there is danger of our national capital increasing too fast.

The seventh chapter treats of the National Debt, which Mr. Spence is wise enough to account a public blessing. Among other extravagant assertions he had stated, that " in time " of war when most taxes are paid, the bulk " of the population of this country enjoy " greater prosperity than at any other time. " Just now, for example, never were the bulk " of the people so prosperous." Gladly should we concur with Mr. Spence in so satisfactory a conclusion, but facts, unhappily, are against him. A statement made by the ship-owners of the increase of charges on ship-building since the year 1780, represents the rise in the price of provisions at 84*l.* 8*s.* 2*d.* per cent., while the rise of wages is only 39*l.* 7*s.* 1*d.* per cent. The amount of poor's rate in 1785, was only 2,004,000*l.*, whereas in 1803 the war had raised it to 4,268,000*l.* In the same year 1803, the paupers in England and Wales amounted to the incredible number of 1,234,768! that is, one-seventh of the whole population. Yet many amongst us are so credulous as to think, with Mr. Spence, that we profit by the war!

The last chapter of *Commerce Defended* bears the title of " *General Reflections*," which is too vague to convey an idea of its important contents. It begins by a statement of some circumstances calculated to convey an estimate of the actual value of foreign commerce, and

proceeds to expatiate on the blessings which arise from the disposition inherent in human nature to acquire and to save. But the most instructive and best written part of the book is the argument against war, which occupies the last forty pages, and which we anxiously recommend to the attention of our readers. Few of them will dissent from the general statement, that war is a great evil, but many of them will be averse to admit the propriety of thinking at all of peace at present. Mr. Mill maintains, on the other hand, that the present moment is highly favourable to the conclusion of peace. He contends, that neither France nor England can now cause to each other any material injury. He admits, that peace would much increase the trade of France; but this trade, he alleges, would be conducted chiefly by land carriage. In this country, by far the greater part of our traffic, from one part of the kingdom to the other, is carried on by sea, because the kingdom is no where very wide, and it is easier to convey goods from the interior to the coast, and thence by water to send them on by inland carriage. But in France the case is different. Her great manufactures are at a distance from the sea: the conveyance to Germany, to Switzerland, to Italy, and to one part of France from another is, in nineteen cases out of twenty, cheaper by land than sea. The former will, consequently, be preferred, and we may see the trade of France increase, without any fear of a proportional increase of maritime strength.

It is important to remark, that the extent of coast around the whole of Great Britain and Ireland, amounts to 5000 miles, whereas the whole of the French coast, including that towards the Mediterranean, is less than 2000 miles. Of this extent, only the Northern part, namely, Normandy and Brittany, is fit to train hardy seamen. The coast, South of Brest, is ill adapted to this purpose, and the navigators of the Mediterranean are proverbially unskilful. But the whole extent of the British and Irish coast is calculated to train the finest seamen in the universe. The barren districts of the North-west of Scotland, however unfavourable to trade, abound with fishermen, and, with due encouragement, might be made the grandest nursery of our Navy.

Next, as to the specific conditions, which might be stipulated in a treaty with France, the more we examine the matter, the more we shall be surprized at the favourable terms we may fix. The perpetual possession of Malta and the Cape, and the restoration of Hanover, were offered in 1806, without asking any thing in return except power. Would we desire more? Would any intelligent merchant advise us to retain our West India conquests? Many persons argue that, now that Russia is on the side of France, we cannot expect that the favourable offer of 1806 will be repeated. But this opinion is evidently unfounded, as far as regards the points in question. It was the Island of Corfu that was to be confirmed to Russia, in consequence of her treating jointly with us. The Cape, Malta, and Hanover, were all offered to England alone, and were offered in consequence, not of her connexion with Russia, but of her own inherent strength. Are we less strong now than at that time? Certainly not—Why, then, should not the same conditions be again offered to us?

But it is not the cession of this, or of that fortress, which, in the opinion of many, is the point at issue—it is the free admission of our trade to the Continent in peace, which is the great subject of dispute. The uncertainty prevalent on this head is a woeful instance of national delusion. There is no foundation for such an apprehension. Bonaparte dares not attempt it. France knows too well the benefits of a free commerce at the surrounding states, to permit its interruption in the season of peace. Bonaparte now knows too well our naval prowess to rouse a sleeping lion, by wanton aggression. Till lately, an opinion was generally entertained that he would attempt to reduce our maritime rights at a peace. It was evident, to reflecting persons, that he would not presume to start the question, but it was in vain to endeavour to persuade others out of it, till it was expressly renounced in the *Moniteur* of the 7th of January.

POETRY,

ORIGINAL AND SELECT.

A POETICAL EPISTLE TO MISS K.

WRITTEN FROM LINCOLNSHIRE, IN FEBRUARY 1806.—BY LEIGH HUNT.

LIVES he, who vex'd with dull splenetic dreams,
Shall shut his eyes, because the sunshine beams?
Or when the plain with vernal beauty glows,
Shall curse his stars and sigh for Lapland snows?
Just twice such madness on thy poet fell,
When on thy ling'ring lips he sigh'd farewell,
When first he wander'd from those radiant eyes,
To wint'ry wastes and ever-weeping skies!
Alas! his eyes but one blest region see;
He fled from pleasure, when he fled from thee!

Oft does my fancy to thy presence fly,
Smiles with thy smile and dances with thine eye;
Or by thy side through rich embroider'd hues
The shining needle's eager track pursues;
Or o'er thy fav'rite Homer mourns the chief,
Who grac'd the warrior by the husband's grief;
Or in some twilight hour, ere curtains close,
And busy tapers mock the day's repose,
What time the moon upon the lifted sight
Through whit'ning casements shed a lover's light,
Hears the accustom'd sigh thy bosom swell,
Pensive, not sad, for him who loves so well—
For him, who wander'd from thine arms to find
No joy but thinking what he left behind.

What charms thine image in my fancy wears,
Cheerful, and lovelier from domestic cares!
Let vainer nymphs the public circles fill,
Divine their looks, their dress diviner still;
Let them from home, as from the small-pox fly,
And never know a blush but what they buy;
Let them believe, and thus for once be right,
Their worth, like colours, lives but in the light;
Let fops in crowds their ev'ry glance pursue,
And laugh at all they say—with reason too:
Be thine, sweet girl, the passion and the praise
To court the shade of calm domestic days,
And by one fond approving voice inspir'd,
From admiration steal to be admir'd.
Dear are the charms, that never long to roam
Beyond the peace, the little heav'n of home!
There in one gay unspotted circle move,
Love warm'd with ease, and ease refin'd by love;
There in her noblest empire reigns the fair,
Whose ev'ry smile her willing subjects share:
'Tis but a narrow reign, but there reside
A wife's best pleasure and a husband's pride;
'Tis but a narrow reign, but holds whate'er
To virtuous man and guardian heav'n is dear.

Ye joy's of home, like distant music sweet,
Shall once more your social welcome meet,
Breathe your blest air, retrace your happy ground,
And with an independent smile look round?
*Be ready with your smiles, ye joys of home:
†Soft on my fair one's presence will I come;
Thoughtful she sits, nor though he fills her mind,
Sees the lov'd stranger stealing from behind;
Then for a moment will I linger there,
To hear her sighs and view her pensive air,
Then kiss her cheek; she turns with fond surprise;
Love spreads her arms and animates her eyes;
Words, smiles, and tears in sudden transport start;
I clasp th' enraptur'd blessing to my heart!

REMONSTRANCE TO WINTER.

All! why, unfeeling Winter, why
Still flags thy torpid wing?
Fly, melancholy season, fly—
And yield the year to Spring.

Spring—the young cherubim of love,
An exile in disgrace—
Flits o'er the scene like Noah's dove,
Nor finds a resting place.

When on a mountain's azure peak
Alights her fairy form,
Cold blow the winds—and dark and bleak
Around her rolls the storm.

If to the valley she repair,
For shelter and defence,
Thy wrath pursues the mourner there,
And drives her weeping thence.

She seeks the brook—the faithless brook,
Of her unmindful grown,
Feels the chill magic of thy look,
And lingers into stone.

---

* *Ridete quicquid est domi cachinnorum.*
CATULLUS, Carm. 28.

† This idea is borrowed from the third Elegy of Tibullus, *Tunc veniam subito,*" &c.

She woos her embryo-flowers in vain,
To rear their infant heads;
Deaf to her voice, her flowers remain
Enchanted in their beds.

In vain she bids the trees expand
Their green luxuriant charms;
Bare in the wilderness they stand,
And stretch their withering arms.

Her favourite birds, in feeble notes,
Lament their long delay;
And strain their little stammering throats,
To charm thy rage away.

Ah! why, usurping Winter, why
Still flags thy frozen wing?
Fly, unrelenting tyrant, fly—
And yield the year to Spring!

TO MARIA.

O sweet delusion on past hours to dwell!
The present reft of all their wonted joy;
While still new transports, the fond bosom swell,
And various fears the anxious mind employ.

Those calm my anguish, and my griefs restrain,
They paint the converse of my blooming fair,
As oft to soothe my sadly-pleasing pain,
I sought her in each mild domestic care:

When oft as cheerful to the market borne,
Eager I trac'd her dear accustomed way;
Hung watchful on her window at each morn,
And with her image hail'd the rising day.

Or caught the pleasing glance, by fortune led,
Whene'er she deign'd to gleam upon my woe,
With sweet P—l—a's infant graces spread,
Like new born blossoms from the parent bough.

O dear delusion, since no more I prove
The pure reality I once had known;
Condemn'd to bear the ardent pangs of love,
And all its treasures thus unheeded moan.

O cruel fortune, by one cloud obscur'd,
I dar'd not then my fondest hopes pursue;
No aim ungenerous that heart endur'd,
Which, lov'd Maria, only beat for you.

The cloud is transient, and the storm blows o'er,
The prospect brightens, and my hopes renew;
But all my bright'ning prospects are no more
If cruel now, your smiles in vain I sue.

Unus'd to cruelty that gentle breast,
O say, Maria! must I sigh in vain?
By more than common grief, alas! oppress'd,
Can'st thou thy words forget—our mutual pain?

Hast thou forgot thy kind—thy last adieu,
As from thy much-lov'd walls I parted slow,
No more to be so bless'd; yet never you,
Maria, feel the pangs with which I glow.

What mem'rys faithful tints but weakly trace,
Still yield the hours; to each new Sabbath true,
When church, with piety's soft hallowed grace,
For one short evening gives you to my view.

Frequent I drop the silent tear, unknown,
On you, unconscious, as I gaze unseen;
Tread the bleak aisle, with faultering step alone,
And sigh on what I was, and might have been!

And when the fire of Pamela's * meek muse
Upraise thine eyes expressive to his theme,
Fires yet more strong, o'er all my soul diffuse
A ray of hope, and pity's chearing beam.

And oft I trace the scene, yet dearer grown,
Where all my joys were prov'd and all my pain;
Pleas'd with thy shadow to my fancy shewn,
Till its lov'd form I contemplate again.

THE HOUSE OF BRAGANZA.

WHEN Athens, prest by Asia's countless host,
That hurl'd a Tyrant's vengeance on her coast,
Show all her prudence, all her valour vain,
Nor longer durst th' unequal strife maintain;
With generous freedom and devotion fir'd,
Her sons unbroken to their ships retir'd;
No base submission did th' Athenians know,
They sought no treaties with a treacherous foe!

From equal danger, warm'd with equal fire,
See great Braganza's honour'd line retire,
Too weak unjust aggression to withstand,
Or save from hostile force their native land;
Too brave to imitate those nameless things,
Who ape the pomp without the power of Kings;
Faithful to Britain, and her righteous cause,
Spurning th' insulting offers of her foes,
For happier climes th' indignant sail they spread,
By glory prompted and by wisdom led;
Escap'd the vortex of impending fate,
The vengeful terrors of a Despot's hate.

Though War's dire thunders by ambition hurl'd,
Tornado-like, have whelm'd a drooping world;

* The evening preacher is a descendant of the celebrated Richardson, author of Pamela.

Though abject Monarch's kiss the Tyrant's rod,
And prostrate empires tremble at his nod;
Insatiate still, though drunk with human gore,
His hellish appetite still thirsts for more;
O'er every clime his baneful influence sheds,
O'er every crime oblivion's mantle spreads;
Intent with sudden force to grasp the whole,
And stretch his iron reign from pole to pole!

From Europe's shore impell'd by fav'ring gale,
In pious hope, the generous Exiles sail;
Be kind, ye skies! ye winds propitious blow!
Be hush'd ye storms! ye tides unruffled flow!
Bear your rich burden to its destin'd seat,
Under the guardian care of Britain's fleet;
To where in genial transports myriads join,
To hail with loud acclaim Braganza's line;
To own their Prince, their father, and their friend,
Who scorn'd beneath a Despot's will to bend;
He who alone amidst a host was found,
That durst be great while nations sunk around.

Illustrious hero! worthy of thy name,
That marks thy virtues on the rolls of fame!
Well pleas'd their sires shall view their godlike son,
Maintain the glory which their valour won;
When erst Oppression's galling chains they broke,
And freed their country from a foreign yoke,
Though fierce contentions Europe's states embroils,
And giant power thy native land despoils,
No jealous rival shall disturb thy sway,
O'er those bright realms which still thy power obey;
There may'st thou reign, till happier times restore,
Thee and thy fortune to thy native shore.

Let hope then cheer thee with her "flattering tale,"
Nor let despair thy noble mind assail;
The fickle tide of fortune yet may turn,
And nations now in tears may cease to mourn.
The day may come, from Heav'n's all righteous hand,
To save, avenge, restore each injur'd land;
When from his throne the upstart shall be driv'n,
Dash'd by the whelming bolts of angry Heav'n;
When war and war's foul crimes hell-born shall cease,
And bleeding nature taste the balm of peace.
While honour's call shall animate the brave,
To seek for glory or an early grave;
While patriot zeal shall warm the Statesman's breast,
And public faith and virtue stand confest;
While worth shall merit, valour lead to fame,
Let memory wait on great Braganza's name.

Manchester, Feb. 4. *S. W.*

FINE ARTS.

BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THOUGH painting is considered as an *art*, yet, from the classical and scientific knowledge requisite to form the good painter, it cannot now be any longer ranked among the mechanic arts, but is certainly entitled to a niche, in the hall of science herself.

If to preserve the memory of departed friends, to give life to the historic scene, and to delineate the most luxuriant and most evanescent beauties of nature, be the office of the painter, he surely must be considered as superior to the sculptor, and in many instances equal even to the historian. His art extends to the most distant countries, and to the most distant ages; he presents to our view not only the heroic deeds of the days that are gone, but also those scenes in which we are ourselves conversant, as well as gives us a new kind of memory in forming and preserving a resemblance of those things where description alone would be insufficient. Italy and Holland, had long been considered as a kind of native soil for the painter, whilst Spain, Germany and France followed rapidly in their steps. In England, 'tis true, we had many good paintings, but these were all the works of foreign artists; and if any heaven-born genius amongst us wished to cultivate those talents, which nature often profusely showered upon him, he was obliged to pursue his studies in foreign countries, or else to pine at home, in indigence and obscurity, for all these stores of tinted fancy, were

shut to him. 'Twas then with pleasure that we hailed the first attempts to establish a native school for native genius,—this was true patriotism,—this was true philanthropy.—But, to excite the painter to perseverance, and at last, to excellence in his art, it was necessary that he should have some means of being rewarded, according to his merit; this point is also gained by the establishment of the British Gallery for the reception and sale of the works of native artists.

We are happy to announce the re-opening of this truly patriotic and useful Institution, for its original purpose, under a most brilliant Patronage, and with a brilliant display of British taste and genius. Our limits will not allow us to notice every work of excellence; we shall, however, from time to time, present a few to our readers, with observations, in which it shall be our study, that candour shall walk hand in hand with the necessary severity of critical censure. The paintings of this year, amounting to four hundred and eighty, are in general Landscapes, with the usual sprinkling of sea, and fancy pieces; the historical specimens are but few, and we never recollect at any former Exhibition such a number of candle-light subjects.

No. 33.—*Hercules resting from his labour.* J. F. Rigaud, R. A.

As the most remarkable trait in the character of Hercules was his strength, and the most interesting incidents in his poetical life, arose from his almost miraculous exercise of it, we are rather surprised that the artist should have chosen to represent him in a state of repose—it is as unnatural as representing a war-horse asleep, or a frozen cataract. In this composition, consisting only of Hercules and his Club, the pyramidal outline, and the anatomical filling up, are well preserved, yet there is a cold sameness of colouring, like a work done in bistre, which though it produces relief, yet, from the want of contrast in the lights and shades, presents to the mind the idea of a bronze *basso relievo*, rather than a painting. In other respects, the expression of the countenance, and the lassitude and relaxation of the muscles, admirably denote a state of repose, whilst the fore-shortening of the right thigh shews an intimate acquaintance with anatomical perspective.

No. 224.—*Sea-Storm.—Sun-Set.* J. Pocock.

The well-earned fame of Mr. Pocock, as a Marine Painter, will always induce us to turn to his performances, with an almost certainty of gratification, and in this effort of his pencil we were not disappointed. The surf breaking on the beach seems evidently copied from nature, and not as we are often forced to witness it, as if the artist had formed his ideas from a storm in a washing-tub!—The effect produced by the Setting-Sun, gives a pleasing glow to the foreground, and marks that chequered obscurity in the distance, so characteristic of an evening gale, when the anxious Mariner watches the declining Sun, doomed, perhaps, to see him rise no more.

With such acknowledged skill as Mr. Pocock possesses in this line of painting, we cannot but feel regret when he turns his attention with less effect to other subjects. This observation is drawn from us by No. 358—*A Landscape and Banditti*—in which there is a tame, uninteresting accuracy of outline, rendered even more displeasing by an affected contrast in the colouring. The distant mountains have a darkness of purple which nature never gives, whilst the trees and rocks in the fore-grounds, are marked with a general smoothness and equality of brownish tint, that destroy the effects, and is by no means consonant to ærial perspective.

No. 471.—*Gulliver describing Fortification to Horses.* S. Gilpin, R. A.

As a Castle Painter, Mr. Gilpin has often gained the meed of applause at former exhibitions, and in this piece, his Horses are certainly well grouped, and spiritedly executed, as *Horses*; but were it not for the figure of Gulliver in a corner tracing out a square redoubt on the land, they might pass for English horses in a Park, as much as for the Houhnhyms of Swift. There is something so *bizarre*, and beyond nature, in the original idea, that we can attend only to the satire contained in it; we are not surprised, therefore, if Mr. Gilpin has failed in his attempt to embody an idea on canvas, to which the most luxuriant fancy cannot give personification, and where the expression of wonder or delight might as well arise from the sight of a good feed of corn, as from all the horn-works and half-moons of a Pleydell, or a Vauban.

No. 359.—*The Battle of Trafalgar, as seen from the starboard mizen shrouds of the Victory.* J. M. W. Turner, R. A.

One great, and almost *universal* error, to which our marine Painters are subject, is that of comprising too much on their canvas; this gives a crowding and confused appearance to their works which is very dissimilar to reality.

If Mr. Turner would stand on the poop of the Victory, with a picture frame, the size of his own placed before him, at a proper distance, he would then see, that so many objects could not be crowded together under so small an angle as it would subtend; unless, indeed, the objects were removed to a much greater distance, when, of course, their relative size would be considerably diminished below that in which he has here delineated them. He has also drawn many of the objects with much greater *exactness* than reality will warrant. In the groupe in particular, which surrounds Lord Nelson, on the fore part of the quarter deck, 'tis impossible that their features could appear so well delineated to a person standing on the poop. In this painting also, the ships are much under-masted; indeed they look like three deckers under jury-masts. This disproportion is very glaring, and is rendered more so from want of attention to *other* circumstances. The yards of the Victory, making allowance for the fore-shortening, are not sufficiently square; the tops are too small, in proportion to the size of the ship, and to the size of the people, who are represented in them, whilst from the length of the laniards and the consequent distance of the dead eyes, the top-mast rigging seems as if it had never been set up. There are several other errors, which we have not room to notice, yet, in other respects, we must allow it the merit of being well executed, though its outline is faulty; the figures are spiritedly done, and to those who are not disposed to criticise its *linear accuracy*, it must afford much interest and gratification.

In the center of the room, and opposite to Mr. Turner's painting, is

No. 486.—*A Model, by* Mr. WIATT, *of a Monument to the Memory of the immortal Nelson.*

This Monument stands in the centre of a circular range of steps, and consists of an elegantly ornamented base, on which is a figure of Nelson, supporting a flag, and receiving a wreath from Fame. Beneath him is Death, starting from a shroud, with one hand fixed upon his gallant heart; and behind the base, or pedestal, is Britannia weeping, and resting on her shield, which is decorated with the insignia of his different orders. The figures in chains at the foot of the pedestal fill up the space, with much taste; indeed, all the figures, considered *separately*, have much ease, and are *grouped* in a masterly manner. This Monument is designed for a *central* situation in some public building, and is therefore finished *entour*.

No. 427.—*Landscape, a Composition: and No.* 438.—*Landscape near Archhovel,* B. BARKER.

These two Landscapes, from their size and situation, seem designed for companions, and if the painter intended to shew the effect of the contrast, he certainly has succeeded. The first is a deep valley, with most romantic mountains enlivened by the general light of day, but in some places more strongly tinted by a ray of bright refulgence, breaking from a cloud.—This gives a splendour and richness to the composition, rivalling the brightest glow of Lorrain's sun-sets. The general repose in the valley is only disturbed, or, indeed, rather more strongly marked by the smoke issuing from a habitation "bosom'd high in tufted trees;" and the limpid brightness of the almost quiescent rivulet is finely constrasted by the deep shade of the impending cliff. In the dark shades, and tangled shrubs of this cliff, there is a richness of colouring which starts through the gloom, and shews the painter an accurate observer, in the silent dell, or on the sequestered mountain's side. When we turn from this to 438, it is scarcely possible to believe them the work of the same artist: this is given as a sketch from nature, but if so, it must be nature in her gloomiest dress. There is a good broad light in the sky, but on the ground, all is one sombre shade of darkened brown, without light to enliven, or outline to define the different objects, unless some solitary streaks in the distance may be considered as sufficient for this purpose; and yet there seems to have been much pains taken to tint it into obscurity. We notice this the more particularly, because Mr. Barker, in many of his efforts, bids fair to rival the happiest specimens of the Italian School.

We looked round with anxious expectation for some specimens of Beechey's pencil, but were rather disappointed at finding only some pretty little landscapes, with the exception of *a Monk's Head*, No. 329. In this there is much character and expression: the mixed tone of religious Hope and Resignation is well marked, the lights are well managed to aid the general effect, and there is nothing of that stiffness which might be expected from a pencil so much accustomed to Portrait painting.

We are happy to observe that many of the Paintings exhibited in the British Gallery, are now marked as sold; and we should hope that this species of encouragement is the only thing wanting to place the efforts of the British pencil on a level with the most finished works of

Claude or *Salvator*. For the perfection to which the Arts have arisen on the Continent, the World is indebted to the munificence of a few Princes, or to the enthusiasm of religion prompting the Painter to decorate the shrine of his patron saint; but if perfection arose from those sources, what may we not expect from the fostering care of a British Public?

PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

THE THEATRES.

OPERA.

On Tuesday January 26th, was performed a serious opera called *Didone*. This piece was altered from the opera of *Metastasio*, and acted for the purpose of affording to Madame Catalani an opportunity for the display of her talents.

It has not been usual for the periodical critics to speak of the performers at the opera, in the same serious style which they pursue in their animadversions on the English theatres; for it seems to have been conceived, though for what reason we cannot discover, that where the music is excellent, the acting is of little importance. Still less does any body think of regularly criticising the operas themselves; because the words of the songs are generally hidden by the flourishes of the music, and the story of the recitative is generally slurred by the carelessness of the actors. But as the establishment of the King's Theatre is most splendidly patronized, as every possible encouragement is given there to merit of all descriptions, by an audience certainly the most elegant in London, and as the price of admission at the Opera-House is higher than at any other theatre, it could not be unreasonable to expect that the entertainment should go a little further than the ears. We have admirable singing it must be confessed, but we want a little tolerable acting. We must not hope ever to behold very fine singers acting very finely, because the perfection either of acting or of singing must alone be almost the employment of a life: but we ought not to see such miserable performers as those who now strut upon the stage of the King's Theatre, and who not only do not *feel* what they are saying, but really seem not even to *understand* it. The pieces that are represented are often, it is true, of such a nature, that no powers of acting could make them effective: but if they were decently performed, they would not always be absolutely contemptible: and, besides, we do not know why pieces that no acting can render agreeable, should ever be acted at all.

Perhaps it will be said, that the English do not care about good writing or good acting at the opera; but this it is impossible to prove: for their acceptance of that which is indifferent, is no more an argument of their insensibility to that which is excellent, than the bread and cheese appetite of a hungry man is an argument of coarseness in his palate. Let us see good pieces tolerably acted, and we think it quite as possible to create an interest in an opera, of which the language is not generally understood, as it is to create an interest in a ballet, where there is no language at all. And the best indication of the public eagerness for dramatic excellence of every kind, at the King's Theatre, is the popularity which has been acquired by an operatic actress, not in herself admirable, but eminent by a comparison with the people about her. We mean Madame Catalani. This lady if she could be divested of her foreign accent, and introduced into any principal character of English tragedy, would probably be regarded by the few persons who really understand the science of the stage, as a very indifferent actress: and when connoisseurs are heard to express an admiration of her talents, *as an actress*, they mean to be understood as speaking of her performances, compared with those of the ladies and gentlemen who occupy the inferior situations. She certainly is a good actress, *for the opera*: and so Master Betty was a good actor, *for a boy*; but we wish to see the opera always provided with performers who may be at least too decent to be used merely for foils. *Didone* is a very tolerable piece, *for the Opera*: but no one who sees how much situation it possesses, can help regretting that it is not *positively* good.

Madame Catalani herself acted *Didone*; and all that voice and person could convey, was effected by her for the interesting heroine of Virgil. But if she aspire to the just reputation of a fine actress, she should recollect that a perpetual smile, even on her beautiful mouth, will never depict the various passions of love, grief, anger, and disdain, as they occur throughout the interviews of *Dido* with *Æneas* and *Iarbas*.

Let us say no more of her acting, to which we can give only the praise of "the wicked compared with the more wicked;" but conclude our observations on her *Dido*, by recording our enthusiastic admiration of her singing, where she stands unrivalled, except by Mrs. Billington alone. Madame Catalani has the peculiar faculty of imparting interest to the *bravura*; and those critics who have decided that her powers are generally rather astonishing than fascinating, will probably confess an exception to their judgment, when at the beginning of the second act of *Didone*, they hear her sing—"*Perderò* "*la dolce Speranza.*"

Madame Dussek made her first appearance on this stage, as *Æneas*. Her fame in the musical world has been long established; and on this evening, although much alarmed, she was by no means deficient in taste or execution. But her acting was so much worse than that of any singing miss whose first appearance we ever saw on an English stage, that even apprehension, for which we always feel a great indulgence, will not be a sufficient excuse for her very slovenly manner of delivering her recitative. Her dress was as ungraceful as it was inappropriate. *Æneas* in spangled muslin trowsers!

"*Heu, quantum mutatus ab illo!*"

This opera was repeated again on Tuesday the 16th of February, to a house not indeed very full, but with a sufficient sprinkling of fashion. Having said so much on its *first* representation, we can have but little farther to add, particularly as our additional animadversions would fall on that part of the performance which comes more immediately under the regulation of the Manager. As long as this species of entertainments is to be patronized and supported, we cannot but regret, that the squabbles of contending Managers should prevent the fashionable world from having it got up in the best manner; but there are, nevertheless, some errors which might be corrected, even during the present *uncivil* commotions. As this Opera is taken from ancient history, we have a right to expect an adherence to ancient customs, otherwise the illusion is destroyed, and we no longer see *Dido* or *Æneas*, but Mesdames Dussek and Catalani. In the palace of *Dido*, we did not expect to see a library table with inkstand, &c. as if for the purpose of writing a *billet doux* in modern comedy; nor can we understand why *Iarbas*, *a Moor*, should be represented black as *a Negro*, whilst his friend *Araspes*, preserves his original Italian colour. To Madame Catalani's execution we have already done justice, and must again repeat our admiration of her powers, in "*Perdero la dolce* "*Speranza;*" in this air she was deservedly encored, and gave it with a degree of pathos beyond her usual manner. Her most spirited passage was in the coquetting scene, with *Æneas* and *Iarbas*, when she answers to the threats of the latter, "*So che un barbaro sei, ne mi spa-* "*venti.*" The latter part of the line was given with a degree of force and articulation which made the house ring, and drew down repeated plaudits. Catalani's attention to the *bye play* is also deserving of praise, the more so, as the other performers seem to consider such a thing as totally unnecessary; indeed from their apparent anxiety to be near the prompter, they rather appear like children at their school lesson. It is therefore the more to be wished, that a settlement of all disputes might lead to the formation of a respectable company.—The divertisement of "*L'Offrande à Bacchus*," is of that *mediocre* kind, as scarcely to deserve notice, were it not that the very shabby dresses of the performers gave such disgust as to destroy the impression made by their dancing; we shall therefore pass on to the new ballet of "*L'Enlevement de Dejanire*," which was repeated with considerable alterations. As the greatest Critics of ancient and modern times have not disdained to analize, and to direct the dance, we may be allowed to dilate a little on this new mythological ballet. In ancient times dancing formed a great part of their dramatic representation, and has been defined as "the art of expressing the sentiments of the "mind, or the passions, by measured steps, or "bounds, that are made in cadence, by regulated motions of the body, and by graceful "gestures; all performed to the sound of mu-"sical instruments, or the voice;" but the regular ballet was first invented by *Pylades* and *Bathylus* at Rome, of the latter of whom it has been said, that when he danced, the gravest matron was thrown off her guard, and the youngest virgin longed for his addresses. Under authority so classical, as well as modern custom, M. D'Egville is fully warranted in introducing the ancient story on the modern stage; but in doing so, he should adhere as closely as possible, not only to incidents both of time and place, but also to the general costume and manner. Under the definition which we have given of dancing, it is evident, that the performer may represent the most powerful emotions of the mind, without the *coupees* and *cabrioles* of the dancing master; and this expressive mode of dancing will be to the judicious, infinitely more interesting, as well as

affording to the dancer an opportunity of displaying the powers of the human form to the greatest advantage. This observation applies to some characters more than others, and in the present instance, though ancient mythology tells us, that *Hercules* learnt from *Eurytus* to shoot with the bow, from *Castor* to fight, from *Linus* to play on the lyre, and from *Eumolphus* to sing, yet it does not appear that he was taught *to dance*. Whatever applies to *manner* will also apply to *story*, particularly where a strict adherence to it is productive of *situation* equal to any thing resulting from a breach of the rule.—With regard to those incidents in the poetical life of *Hercules*, which have been selected for this ballet, a stricter adherence to them, as well as the avoiding of anachronisms, might undoubtedly have produced a better effect. The rape, "*Enlevement*" *of Dejanire*, by *Nessus*, the Centaur, took place *after* her marriage with *Hercules*, and the mortal wound from the arrow was received by *Nessus*, whilst ferrying her over the river Euneus, and not *on a Bridge*, for at that period *Bridges* were unknown. The incident which obliged *Hercules* to leave the Court of *Calydon* in company with his wife, is also entirely omitted, and the accidental meeting of *Hercules* with *Iole*, is very different from the original idea; for *Iole* had been already refused to him by her father, *Eurytus* King of Œchalia; and it was after *Hercules* had killed her father and three brothers, that she was induced to accompany him to Mount Æta, where he raised an altar to Jupiter. In adhering to the story we should certainly have lost that scene where *Dejanira* yields her claim on *Hercules* to *Iole*; but the classical spectator is the more displeased because he recollects that the jealousy of *Dejanira* was aroused by the tittle-tattle of *Lychas*, who when sent by *Hercules* to Trachynia for his garments for the sacrifice, informs her that he had taken *Iole* with him to assist in his devotions: we notice this the more particularly, because after the apparent consent of his wife to the amour with *Iole*, there is no reason given for her subsequent jealousy, and sending of the poisoned garment, which destroys much of the effect in the Ballet. The pile on which *Hercules* perished was also set on fire by lightening, and not kindled by his son *Philoctetes*, this should be attended to. With respect to the performance, we wish to give it every due praise.—Deshayes produces as much interest as could be expected and shewed some judgment in throwing himself into the attitude of the *Farnese Hercules*, as well as where he bends with *Cupid* on his shoulder; this is elegantly allegorical, and in strict conformity with the representation of *Hercules* on some ancient gems. In the Ancient Mythology we are told that *Hercules* had a contest with *Apollo*, but this surely does not justify his breaking the trident of *Neptune*, of course this might well be omitted by Monsieur Deshayes. As to the female performers, their dancing had so little to do with the Story, that we can only observe, Mesdames Deshayes and Presle shewed their usual agility, and the new dancer Miss Gayton continues to be a girl of much promise. We are pleased to see the fair Cranfield filling up the vacancy occasioned by Parisot's leaving the stage; and though a French wit, when asked his opinion of a new Piece, advised them to lengthen the dances, and *shorten the petticoats*, we must confess that Miss Cranfield, by the judicious length of her drapery, gives much effect to the fascination of her graceful motions.

A new Opera is in preparation.

DRURY LANE.

On the 1st of February, a lady made her *first appearance* as *Elvira*, The words "first appearance on *the stage*," which were as usual employed in the bills of the day, seem to imply, not that the gentleman or lady whom they regard has never acted, but that he or she has never acted *in London*. In the latter sense we are, on this occasion, particularly inclined to take them; for the lady, of whom we are to speak, acted so much better than ever did Miss from a drawing-room, that it is impossible for us to believe her a total novice, or even the mere nursling of a private theatre. We understand that she wished to play *Cora*; but that the Managers, possessing Mrs. H. Siddons, and wishing to supply the place of Mrs. Powell, who continues unwell, insisted that *Elvira* should be "*the appearing part*." We have before had occasion to lament that Managers will *permit* a performer to play once any character which they know he never will be suffered to play again; but how greatly to be blamed are those directors, who bring a lady, *against her will*, to act a part, which she conceives above her power! The fact is, that though the fair candidate had a complete possession of the stage business, and appeared to have conceived almost just idea of the character allotted to her, yet she has not sufficient majesty of person, nor sufficient power of voice to satisfy either the eye, or the ear, in *Elvira*—at least not on the stage of so vast a theatre as Drury-lane. Her action, her carriage, and her

tones, would have been exceedingly appropriate, if she had possessed greater height of figure, and strength of delivery; but that manner which excites admiration in a woman "*quæ incidet Regina*," is not effective from a diminutive figure and slender voice.—The sublime is incapable of miniature.

However, we should be very sorry to discourage this young lady. We will not flatter her, by saying that we think she can be very successful in a London play-house, because she has not the physical requisites; but if she can resolve to perform only in country theatres, where she will be generally heard, we have no doubt that she will be generally admired. We have seen most of the principal performers out of the Metropolis, and we have never found one that we can compare to the actress who performed *Elvira*.

On Thursday, 11th February, as a set off to the novelty at Covent-Garden, Old Drury came forward, with an Opera in *four* Acts, called *Kais; or, Love in a Desert*, in which, whether we regard the performers, or the numerous choruses, we may say the whole strength of the House was engaged.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Amri, an Emir, Father to Leila.....Mr. Raymond.
Ahmed, an Arabian Elder, Father to Kais.....Mr. Powell.
Kais.....Mr. Braham.
Almanzor, Page to Kais..Miss Lyon.
Alhoran, a Circassian, beloved by Rosella.....Mr. Bannister.
Rashed, an old Slave of the Emir's.....Mr. Matthews.
Salem, an Officer of the Emir, in Love with Leila Mr. Kelly.
Prince of Egypt.....Mr. Putnam.
Osmar, Hassan, Hali, Arab Chiefs. Mr. Smith. Mr. Dignum. Mr. Cooke.
Leila.....Mrs. Mountain.
Rozella, a Greek, kidnapped from Circassia.....Signora Storace.
An Old Slave... .....Miss Tidswell.

The story, for we cannot call it a plot, is evidently taken from a modern popular work of Eastern Tales; and has so little in it, really interesting, that it was only by the introduction of pageants, processions, camels, and coffee-drinkers, together with some long ballads, totally unconnected with the piece, that it could possibly be wire-drawn through four long acts.

Kais, the hero, is the son of *Achmed*, an Arabian Chief, whose Tribe is encamped near the city of Cairo, and he, *of course*, becomes enamoured of *Leila*, daughter of a Turkish or Egyptian Emir, who, *of course*, intends his *fair* daughter for *Salem*, an old fellow, with a long beard, &c. &c.

Kais, in the disguise of a Dervise, as it is called, but which might have passed very well as a Domino, at the Masquerade, endeavours to obtain an interview with his beloved, when they are discovered by *Amri*, and in the contest *Amri strikes Kais*. This, the latter would have avenged with his poniard, till requested by *Leila* not to kill her father; he then tells her he can no longer associate with his military companions, and, therefore, will wish her a good morning, and retire to the Desert, to lament his dishonour. All this is done with much warlike pomp, and the gentle *Leila* is seized by a band of strapping fellows, with long pikes, as if, like the King of Brentford, *she* had got an army in her pocket.

As an assignation is nothing without a confident, *Kais* is assisted in his interview by *Rosella*, a Circassian slave, stolen from her father's cottage, and followed into Egypt by *Almoran*, under the name of *Marvelloso*, who, it appears, keeps a coffee shed, where he retails out coffee and long stories, to a number of light, airy, skipping, good-humoured young Turks; all, of course, very natural and very appropriate!

Rosella, to be on a par with her mistress, has not only a young lover, but also an old one; *Rashed*, with whom she *undergoes* a very amorous *tête-a-tête*, assisted by a spinning wheel, whose evolutions and accidents are a kind of accompaniment to her song. Those who have visited the countries of the East, may, perhaps, inquire how long it is since the spinning wheel has superseded the use of the distaff; whilst those not conversant with Eastern customs, might naturally expect a second edition of

"Somehow, my spindle I mislaid."—

Almoran, meeting with *Almanzor*, the page of *Kais*, is informed of *Rosella* being a slave at Cairo, he therefore attempts to gain an interview with her in the disguise of a peripatetic perfumer, and at last discovers her coming out of a mosque: a place, by the bye, where the Mahometans are not very fond of admitting the ladies, as they imagine that those who have no souls, have nothing to do with religion.

We are now presented with a view of *Leila* and *Rosella* enjoying themselves by moon-light, when a distant voice, in a soft warbling tone

tells them that *Kais* is gone to the desart, whither Miss *Leila* resolves to follow him. She sets off on foot, in a dress which, she was obliging enough to inform us, is a pilgrim's habit, and on her way, meeting with *Achmet*, the father of her lover, intreats his assistance in her search. The old man very kindly asks her into his hut, and walks in himself, when Miss, though in a violent hurry to talk of her lover, stops at the door to give us a song.

Almoran and *Rosella* having escaped together, join the caravan for Mecca, though why they should go to Mecca in their way to Circassia, is left to the audience to find out. They meet, as usual, with the plundering Arabs, by whom they are robbed and separated, and *Leila* and *Ahmed* soon meet the same fate:—at the moment the robbers have seized upon *Leila*, *Almoran* steps in and ransoms her, with a jewel worth many sequins, although he had been robbed and stripped but a few minutes before.

Kais is next seen amongst rocks, sphynxes and blasted trees, where he talks much, and sings more about dying, &c. He is at last traced by his faithful *Almanzor;* and after some time, a meeting takes place between the two fathers, who rail at each other through a long dialogue, when, just as they are drawing their scimetars, the Prince of Egypt steps in and reconciles them.—Different parties are sent in pursuit of the wanderers, who go through several scenes of *hide-and-seek*, in the Desart, when a party of soldiers arrive, headed by an officer, who seemed quite out of breath, whilst he informed them that he was sent to bring them to Papa.

Quick as thought, or as a telegraphic dispatch, they return to Cairo, which is brilliantly illuminated on the occasion, and, as the old story goes, "all ends happily."

Such is the outline of the Opera, on which a great expence has been incurred in scenery; yet, however brilliant this was, it was nevertheless disgusting to those at all acquainted with Egyptian or Desart Landscape. In one scene, we have the volcanic mountains and larch trees, of the North-west American coast; in another, are masses of rocks, cold enough to represent the icebergs of Greenland.

The music, in general, seemed much admired, though some officious friends, by their early and obstinate encores, gave disgust to the audience in general. A song, which *Almoran* was forced to sing, having a *drawn scimetar* hung over him, seemed to afford much amusement, though Bannister slyly observed, that he had never sung before to *that instrument*.

When fame is so long, and perhaps so well established as Mr. Braham's, both for execution, it might seem presumptuous to find fault; yet, as there is something so incongruous in general between the cadence of the songs as read, and the pauses and starts of his finer flourishes, it might be as well if the authors would set their songs to his music, instead of his manufacturing music for their songs. In his very first air, *fancy* runs over the ear in a single crotchet, whilst the next word, of one syllable, has nearly as many attendant notes as the *Prince of Egypt* had guards.

The Opera was given out for the next evening, amidst the mixed clamour of applause and hisses.

The remainder of the month, to the date of our going to press, has been dedicated to "*Kais*, "*or Love in a Desart*," with some little variety in the Afterpieces: in the first, the curtailments and alterations are for the better, and the singing and scenery may draw decent houses for a few nights longer; in the latter, we have no novelty to notice, but we cannot let the occasion pass without adverting to the very excellent acting of Bannister and Miss Duncan in *The Citizen*. In witnessing the spirit and correctness of these two, we felt some amends for our tiresome seat at a tedious Opera.

COVENT GARDEN.

There has been nothing here particularly worthy of notice, until Tuesday evening the 9th of February, presented us with a new Comedy, in which there was so much said about *novelty* and *originality*, that we despaired, in a very early stage of the performance, of finding either the one, or the other.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Lord Blushdale,.....Mr. Fawcett.
Sir Arthur St. Albyn,.....Mr. Pope.
Algernon St. Albyn, (*his son*)..Mr. C. Kemble.
Captain Modern,.....Mr. Lewis.
Solace,.....Mr. Emery.
Danvers,.....Mr. Brunton.
Legis,.....Mr. Creswell.
Geoffry,.....Mr. Simmons.
Selina, (*Sir Arthur's niece and ward*).....Miss Smith.
Cicely,.....Miss Norton.
Deborah, (*housekeeper to Lord Blushdale*),.....Mrs. Davenport

A dull Prologue, most solemnly delivered by Mr. Brunton, promised us a *real, genuine British article*, and not as in general "neat as "imported;" closing with a deprecation of early censure, and a request to hear it out with

patience. Honest John listened to this request with his usual good humour, but his *patience* was nearly exhausted by the long interval between the Prologue and the opening; another circumstance most certainly an indecorous one, tended, in some degree, to excite disapprobation. The proscenium, or Drop Scene, like the invisible petticoats, being rather too short, displayed the legs, not only of the Performers, but also of a table and chairs; and a wag in the Pit from the very *social* manner, in which they were assembled, enquired if that was the *first Act* of "*Begone Dull Care!*"

We shall now attempt, slightly, to delineate the Plot of *Begone Dull Care; or, How will it End?*—A Welch Baronet, *Sir Arthur St. Albyn*, appears to be greatly embarrassed by debts, arising from dissipation, from which he had expected to be relieved by inheriting the wealth of a deceased brother; but this having been bequeathed to *Algernon*, his only son, he suspects the young man of having prejudiced him, unfairly, in his brother's esteem. To guard, however, against the probable consequences of his imprudence, he comes down to St. Albyn Castle, in order to persuade, or even force his niece *Selina*, over whose fortune he had controul, to marry his *Friend Mr. Danvers*, the nephew of *Lord Blushdale*, but a needy dissipated villain. He now binds himself by a bond to bring about the marriage, and admit *Danvers* as a partner in his copper-mines, on condition of *Lord Blushdale* giving up a bond of 16,000*l.*

Algernon being at Bath, a letter arrives from him to *Sir Arthur*, in which he acknowledges having been married to *Selina* some months back; and *Sir Arthur* having notified to *Solace*, the superintendant of his works, that he meant to admit *Danvers* as a partner, *Solace* feels himself so much hurt, by the previous insolence of *Danvers*, and by his subsequent attempt to injure him in *Sir Arthur's* opinion, that he endeavours by persuasion, to prevent the partnership taking place; and is at length unwillingly obliged to produce a deed given him by the late *Sir Arthur*, who, apprehensive of his son's extravagance and improper connections, involving him in difficulties, had taken this measure of precaution, allowing *Solace* a share of the profits, and nominating him as a future partner, as a reward for his honest and industrious superintendance.

Selina is now obliged to leave the Castle, and take shelter in the friendly cottage of *Solace*; but previous to this, *Cicely*, an orphan, protected, educated, and beloved by *Solace*, arrives from a boarding-school near Bath, much in love, but with *whom* does not appear, until her agitation at being informed of *Algernon's* marriage induce us to suspect that he had seduced her. *Cicely* in despair, resolves to leave the cottage of her protector, and on her way to London, is obliged, at the close of day, to ask shelter from an old servant of *Lord Blushdale's*, who, not having room in her own little habitation, puts her into an uninhabited house of his Lordship's in which he had resided, as a plain country squire, previous to inheriting his title. His Lordship, sick of fashion, high life, and place hunters, arrives unexpectedly, and much equivoque ensues, which affords two or three instances of good stage effect.

Danvers, foiled in his schemes with *St. Albyn*, now waits upon his uncle, and proposes some unhandsome measures towards *his friend*; but the honest Peer, disdaining to comply, *Danvers* threatens to deprive him of his estate and title, by bringing forward the lawful heir, *Capt. Modern*, who had been supposed to be the illegitimate son of the late Lord. *Modern* having slipped into the apartment during this conversation, conceals himself, until, at a fit opportunity, he possesses himself of the certificate of his mother's marriage; and the supposed Peer, convinced of his claim, instantly and most joyously resigns his title to him, accompanied by a number of letters addressed to "*Lord Blushdale*," consisting of a challenge, a call of the House, applications for patronage, &c.

The disappointed *Danvers* retires; and *Algernon*, who arrives from Bath, having on that day come of age, presents his uncle's estates to his father, and a reconciliation takes place. *Cicely*, who had set off in the morning to continue her journey, is now brought back, in consequence of an offered reward, and *Selina* confesses that her marriage with *Algernon* was a hoax, in order to avoid the union with *Danvers*, when *Cicely* is introduced and united to her lover. *Selina* then bestows her hand on the true *Lord Blushdale*, and the piece concludes with a hope that the audience will enable the author to say, "Begone dull Care."

Such is the outline of a piece, which certainly had a very fair trial, and which evidently escaped some hisses in the two first acts, from the respect of the audience for the performers, who most certainly, in general, did every thing possible for its success.

An Epilogue, containing some good points, was well spoken by Miss Smith; but as it also

contained many apologies for imitation, we must not be too severe on the author, for want of originality. In some parts, the piece bears resemblance to *Anna, or the Welch Heiress. Herbert*, the father, is personified by *Sir Arthur*, and the love of *Solace*, for the orphan, is evidently the counterpart of *Wilkinson* and *Anna Mansel*. It may appear invidious to trace imitation much farther, but we must nevertheless confess, that all the bustle and incident, of which there is a sufficiency in the two last acts, has often appeared before; but it is indeed futile now to expect *originality* in this respect, as every possible incident that can be produced by screens, sofas, trap-doors, and chimney corners, has already been brought into play.

There are some parts which brought down well-deserved plaudits, particularly in the scene where Emery in *Solace*, in defence of his honesty, after some severe taunts from *Sir Arthur*, produced the deed, executed in his favour by the late Baronet; *Sir Arthur* having haughtily demanded, "Why was not this produced before?" he emphatically retorts, "Why was it produced now?" We cannot avoid noticing the quaint attempts at wit, which often degenerated into puns, some of which; we hope, the public will be excused from listening to in future; particularly where Lewis, in *Modern*, expresses his dislike for *novels*; as arising from his love of *novelty*; and also where *Solace* talks of having got tipsy, and being liable to a fine, for moving wine, without a permit, beyond the quantity allowed by the Excise.

It also deserves notice, that *Algernon*, the hero of the piece, did not appear, until the last Act; this, perhaps, was in imitation of *Terence*, in his "*Fair Andrian*," where Glycerium, the heroine, is never *seen*, but is *heard*, by the audience and the old father's *crying out* for assistance, on a very interesting occasion, to Juno Lucina, the patroness of ladies in the straw.

To analyse each actor's exertions, would be beyond our limits, and where all did well, to notice one or two might appear invidious; but it is not *mal à propos* to observe, that Miss Smith's character will, perhaps, be better liked, when the plot is understood, as on the *first* representation it appeared rather disgusting to see the supposed wife of *Algernon*, coquetting with *Capt. Modern*, and suffering him to kiss her hand, &c.

There was another actress, whose general mode of acting and evident efforts to please, ought always to screen her from illiberal censure; but we hope she will not be offended at a friendly hint, that, although a frequent extension and even violent action of the arms, may be allowable in tragedy, yet it is rather unnatural in the simple country girl, the *protogée* of a cottager, notwithstanding she *was* just come from a boarding-school.

Upon the whole our general opinion is in favour of this piece, yet we strongly recommend much curtailment, particularly in the two first Acts, where the action seems to hang very much; and also in the common-place puns, and sentimental clap-traps: otherwise the author's attempt at wit, upon the Parliamentary Debates may be *turned* upon himself; and we may be tempted to congratulate ourselves, "that although forced *to hear*, it is "fortunate we are not obliged *to read*."

In imitation of her elder Sister, she has passed the remainder of the month with little variation, in endeavouring to drive away "*Dull Care*;" but if she continue it much longer, we can easily anticipate "*How it will* "*End*."

A new Comic Ballet, "*Poor Jack: or, The* "*Benevolent Tar*," appeared on the 19th, as a kind of make-weight to the new Comedy. In this melange of dancing and dumb shew, there is an attempt at plot, as trifling as the execution of it is ridiculous; to develope it would be time thrown away; but we cannot help noticing that the idea of an Officer throwing away his hat and uniform jacket, when on duty, then slapping an old man in the face, &c. is as derogatory to the general conduct of Officers in the Navy, as the turning of boats' oars into *dancing crosses*, is contrary to plain common sense. This might be intended to produce effect, but we hope that the hisses from the gallery will afford a lesson to the Ballet Master. The dancing (strictly speaking) was excellent; Miss H. Bologna, in her hornpipe, received repeated plaudits, and Mr. Bologna is too well known to need any praise.

It is but fair that the Manager should receive some return for the great expence, incurred by new scenery, &c. for a new piece; and it may be but fair, that all the children of a larger growth should be entertained with camels, bearded Turks, sphinxes, rosy-faced peers, puns and copper-mines; but all this expence might be saved, if our dramatists would but attempt to throw a little rational plot into their productions, chequered with lively senti-

ment, and some honest English wit, instead of antithesis and puns. An attempt of this kind might tend to cure a vitiated taste; and even *the many* (who are oftener allured by the decorations, than by the sterling merit of the piece) would soon find a higher relish in the genuine *English comedy*, than in all the tricks of the mechanist, or the most brilliant *Chefs d'œuvre* of the scene-painter.

RETROSPECT OF POLITICS,

FOR THE MONTH OF FEBRUARY, 1808.

FOREIGN POLITICS.

RUSSIA.—The greatest event which has occurred on the continent of Europe during the last month, the greatest event perhaps which has occurred since the expedition to Copenhagen, is the declaration of war by Russia against Sweden. The intelligence of this measure was received by the last Gottenburgh mails; and though it is not in the most authentic shape, being contained only in the extract of a letter from Gottenburgh, which says, it had been received there by the Stockholm post on the day on which the letter was dated, no doubt was entertained of its reality.

In truth, the posture of affairs rendered the event so highly probable, that it has excited little or no surprize. Every man who is accustomed to political conversation had many times heard it anticipated. Our attack upon Copenhagen was of a nature so peculiarly calculated to rouse the pride, and kindle the jealousy and resentment of Russia, that whether she was amically or inimically disposed towards us, antecedent to that momentous event, it would have been imbecility, and childishness, not to count upon her enmity afterwards.

The enmity of Russia cannot easily exert itself against us unless by a co-operation of the powers of the Baltic, which can at least give effect to that war against our commerce, which is now regarded as so formidable a weapon. As Sweden refused to accede to this plan of hostilities, it was next in order, according to the politics of the day, that she should be compelled. If the question is asked what right had Russia to compel Sweden? the answer is plain, that she had no right at all. But then England by compulsion took possession of the Danish fleet. Did not Russia, however, complain of that act, as unjust, cruel, atrocious, detestible? She did; but then the act of England rendered this conduct on her part *necessary* in self-defence. Why this, too, is the very apology of England: the conduct of France rendered her attack upon Copenhagen *necessary* as an act of self-defence. Is it then necessary for Russia, when her enemy is unjust, cruel, treacherous, to be unjust, cruel, and treacherous too? No, no! But Russia is too ready to imitate acts of injustice and cruelty; and leaves the right of complaint with the unfortunate people who suffer; with the unhappy Danes and Swedes. So far as yet appears, she has not a shadow of apology for declaring war against Sweden. No offence had Sweden committed against her; and it is base and execrable that Sweden should be made to suffer for our transactions.

We now begin to experience the effects of our *vigorous* attack upon the unprotected Danes. It is a point which we need not argue; for we may assume it as a certainty, that Russia would not have made war upon Sweden but in consequence of that attack. To say that the peace of Tilsit made such a union between Russia and France as to render the one entirely subservient to the other, is a miserable begging of the question, in contempt of the strongest evidence. What then are the delectable fruits we are about to taste? First, a good subsidy, to be drawn from the earnings of the industrious people of this country, who are already so cruelly drained. Next, a fleet of twelve or fourteen sail of the line must be maintained in the Baltic, and if we mean to send any effectual assistance, at least twenty or thirty thousand soldiers must immediately be shipped for Sweden, to contend with the armies of Russia and France. Is not the possession of sixteen Danish ships, in such a condition, and of such a construction, as to be almost useless in our seas, a most worthy compensation for this vast armament and expence? When we begin to smart, as by and by we shall certainly do, under the Swedish war, the great burthen of which must be borne by us, unless we chuse to see Sweden speedily succinct, we shall then remember the authors of the expedition to Copenhagen.

PRUSSIA.—The King of Prussia has been

obliged to issue a manifesto against England; in which he declares the Prussian ports and states shut, without exception, against the trade and navigation of England, and all political relation between Prussia and England cut off till the restoration of a definitive peace between that country and France. The exclusion of the British trade and navigation, is said to be a stipulation of the treaty by which the Prussian states were restored; and the renunciation of all political connections stated as a concurrence in the policy adopted by Russia on account of our aggression on Denmark. The unhappy monarch expresses more plainly than was to have been expected, the necessity under which he acts; and offers this to his suffering subjects as the apology for the additional hardships under which these injunctions will place them. We are sorry to add that Prussia is still held implicated in our contests and transactions; and the following denunciation was lately made in the *Moniteur*, in one of the notes on Mr. Canning's speech on the address to the King at the opening of the session of parliament; "Prussia will be evacuated at a general peace; when you shall have restored the vessels taken from Copenhagen; when Sweden shall have made a common cause with the continent."

PORTUGAL.—Few of the effects of the extraordinary emigration of the Prince and court of Portugal have yet had time to develope themselves. Our commerce and navigation are excluded from her ports, but this we have not as yet very sensibly felt; nor is it in any degree calculated to make us feel in the manner our enemies suppose. Our intelligence from that country is now very imperfect. We have received copies of some proclamations, which are chiefly intended for the preservation of tranquillity; some issued by the French officers, and some by the constituted authorities of Portugal. These last shew themselves completely subservient. There is too much reason to suppose that scarcity of provisions, to a considerable extent, prevails in Portugal. This appears from a very injudicious proclamation of the French commander, which forbids the sale of provisions upon a certain fixed rate, and must greatly increase the existing evils. The tranquillity of Portugal, however, seems not to have experienced, and seems not likely to experience any serious interruption. All the Portuguese of rank, property, and influence, seem to be exerting themselves zealously in co-operation with the French officers to make the people quiet and submissive. Above all, the clergy have distinguished themselves in this office. It is only the lower orders who have shewn the smallest spirit of disaffection; and these can easily be kept in subjection. Meanwhile the French army maintains a strict and vigilant despotism; but no unnecessary cruelty, no wanton outrages are ever committed. Whatever drains are made upon the property of the Portuguese will always be in the form of general contributions; and the restraint upon their liberty will consist in political obedience. In other respects the freedom of their persons and properties will not be injured.

FRANCE.—The intelligence from this country, during the last month, is not of peculiar importance. The *Moniteur* of the 24th of January, contains a decree of the conservative senate for calling out the conscription of the year 1809, consisting of 80,000, drawn from the youths born in years 1789, and 1798. It is the continuance of the war with England, and the necessity of a great force to accelerate the termination of that war, which is alleged as the causes for making, notwithstanding the continental peace, this unwelcome demand upon the population. But the real cause, were the truth confessed, is the necessity of supplying the vast deficiencies made by the sword and by disease in the sanguinary conflicts in Poland. The real amount of the French armies is very far indeed from what it appears upon paper. A reflection, and one of an interesting kind, is excited by perceiving that the youths who by this conscription are called forth to fight the battles of the new order of things, have been born since the revolution began, and never saw the ancient regime. What attachment can be found in their breasts for the late royal family and nobles? The time is not far distant when the recollection of them in France will appear as a tale of the days that are past. They must now be old men in that country, even aged enough at the commencement of the revolution to have very deep impressions from habit in favour of the old form of government.

Another cargo of remarks on the councils of Great Britain has appeared in the *Moniteur*, in the form of notes on the King's speech at the opening of the present session of parliament, and on the speeches of some of the members of parliament on the addresses. These are not void of curiosity; but they are too multifarious to admit of an analysis now; and there is no point so remarkable as to demand a particular comment.

AMERICA.—The extraordinary resolution to which the legislature of the United States has come, of suspending the commerce of the

nation with foreign countries, till these measures of commercial hostility, which Britain and France wage against each other, and which affect so deeply the interests of America, have received some modification, has interested the people of this country, and seems to have agitated the people of America. The Americans are a people among whom all political passions run very high, and they are by no means all satisfied with this measure. There is no doubt that it creates great immediate hardships; and the sufferers are, in general, too hasty, and too ignorant to reflect whether it does not prevent still greater. We have not yet received intelligence of the effects which the news of our orders in council have produced upon them. But we are extremely happy that all parties in our parliament have expressed themselves strongly in favour of a conciliatory policy towards the Americans; and this policy, together, on the part of the Americans, with a sense of their own interest, will, we trust, avert the imminent calamities of a war between the two countries.

DOMESTIC POLITICS.

The war with Denmark has thrown into our hands, the West India Islands, St. Thomas, St. John, and Santa Cruz, which belonged to the Danes, and which were taken possession of by his Majesty's forces without resistance, the two former on the 22d of December, and the latter on the 28th. According to the terms of capitulation, they are to be held under the same restrictions and privileges as the other British Islands. Except in the view of adding weight in the scale of compensation in the prospect of a peace, this capture is of no utility.—It is now agreed, on all hands, that our West India property is too large; and that its immoderate extension has produced these calamities among the West India planters and merchants which have brought the whole West India interest to the brink of ruin. The capture of the Danish island, is calculated to increase the evil. It is by augmenting the supply beyond the demand that the planters have suffered; the price of their produce having fallen below the necessary expence of raising it, and a loss being incurred on the cultivation of their estates. But the produce from the Danish Islands must now be brought to the same market, while that market, instead of being encreased, is diminished, by the extension of Bonaparte's power in excluding our trade and navigation from the Continent. This capture will therefore contribute still further to sink the price of West India produce in this country, and to augment the hardships of West India interest.

A squadron of six sail of the line, and some smaller vessels, having escaped from Rochefort, has been an object of much curiosity for several weeks. Very unfavourable reports were circulated for some time, respecting the stock of provisions and equipment of Sir Richard Strachan's squadron, by which he was prevented from pursuing the enemy. It is at least certain that he did not pursue them; but various accounts are given of the cause. It is positively asserted, on the part of Ministers, that inadequte provisions and equipment was the reason. The point will, no doubt, receive elucidation in process of time. Fortunately, however, Admiral Duckworth obtained intelligence of the enemy in the neighbourhood of Madeira; and sailed in pursuit of them. Their course was distinctly for the West Indies; and though the British Admiral, being three days astern, might be unable to overtake them, yet he will arrive in the West Indies in time to prevent their undertaking any measure of importance. Sir Samuel Hood, too, about the same date, dispatched from his squadron the Dragon, of 74 guns, a very fast sailing ship, to convey intelligence to Admiral Cochrane on the Leeward Island station, and reinforce him in order to attack them.

PARLIAMENTARY INTELLIGENCE.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

On Monday the 1st of February, the Thanks of the House were delivered to Lords Cathcart and Gambier, for their services at Copenhagen.

On Tuesday, Lord Moira brought in a bill for Amending the law of Debtor and Creditor. It was his intention, after introducing the bill, to leave it some time before the House for consideration. On Wednesday only some routine and private business was before the House. On Thursday Lord Auckland introduced the subject of the Orders in Council, when he and Lord Grenville arraigned them, as contrary to the law of nations, to the municipal law of this country, and to its interests and policy.—They were defended by Lord Hawkesbury. Some appeals, and some routine business, were alone considered on Friday.

On Monday the 8th of February, the Curate's Suspension Bill was read a third time and passed; and a most important discussion took place on the expedition against Copen-

hagen. The debate was opened by the Duke of Norfolk, who condemned the measure, as both in the highest degree unjust, and in the highest degree impolitic. It was defended in a long speech by Marquis Wellesley, who regarded it as both just and politic. The most remarkable feature, however, of the debate was the speech of Lord Hutchinson, who declared his opinion that the attack on Copenhagen was the cause of the hostility of Russia, and related some important conferences which he had with the Emperor of Russia on this subject, subsequent to the Treaty of Tilsit. The speech of Lord Hutchinson threw more light on the subject of Northern politics, than any thing which has yet been laid before the public. On a division for the production of certain papers, there appeared for the motion, including proxies, 48—Against it 105—Majority for Ministers, 57.

On Tuesday and Wednesday, there was no business before the House but of a private and ordinary nature. On Thursday, Lord Grenville prefaced a motion, for laying before the House a copy of the late Treaty concluded with the American Plenipotentiaries, with some reflections, in which he represented it as a paramount object of policy in this country to cultivate a good correspondence with the United States of America. Lord Hawkesbury acceded to the motion. The same day Earl Grey moved for a number of papers relative to the foreign relations of the country; but this motion gave occasion to no dabate of importance.

On Monday the 15th, the Orders of Council, particularly that of the 11th November, were again the subject of consideration, on the motion of Lord Auckland, that they should be referred to a Committee of the whole House. The impolicy and injustice of the Orders was urged, and the motion supported, besides the Noble Mover, by Lords Erskine, King, Grenville, Lauderdale and Sidmouth; the Orders were defended, and the motion opposed, by Lord Bathurst, the Lord Chancellor, and Lord Hawkesbury. The motion was negatived by a majority of 106 to 48, proxies included.

On Tuesday the business was merely private and routine. On Thursday another debate took place on the subject of the Orders in Council, Lord Grenville moving for certain information which was refused by Ministers, but on a division the Opposition carried the motion by a majority of 47 to 38. On the same day the seizure of the Danish fleet was again the subject of debate, on the motion of Lord Sidmouth, that the Danish fleet be kept in such a situation as not to impede its restoration at the conclusion of a general peace. Lords Ellenborough, Erskine, and Grenville supported the motion; Lords Borrington, the Chancellor, Harrowby, Hawkesbury and Mulgrave, opposed it. Negatived by a Majority 105 to 51. On Friday no interesting business was before the House. On Monday the 22d, and Tuesday the 23d, there was only some routine business transacted.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

On Monday, Feb. 1, the Thanks of the House were communicated to such of the officers included in the Vote of Thanks on account of the Copenhagen expedition, as were members of the House, and a variety of papers, on different subjects, were moved for.

On Tuesday, the House went into a Committee, on so much of the Navigation Act as related to the Brazils; when the Chairman was instructed to move the House for leave to bring in a bill, permitting the importation of goods, in Portuguese ships, from the Portuguese territory, in South America. A number of papers were also moved for.

On Wednesday, Sir Charles Pole moved for certain papers relative to the Naval Asylum, with a view to correct abuses which had crept into that institution. The motion was, however, negatived, on a majority of 190 to 75. The great question respecting the justice and policy of the expedition to Copenhagen, was first agitated in the Lower House on that night. Mr. Ponsonby moved, "That an humble Address be presented to his Majesty, that he would be graciously pleased to give directions that the substance and dates of all information, sent by our officers or agents from the coast of Copenhagen, last year, respecting the Danish fleet, the repairing, improving, and manning of the same, together with all accounts that were transmitted relative to the improvement thereof, and received by his Majesty's Ministers, should be laid before the House." And in an elaborate speech arraigned the attack upon the Danes. He was answered by Mr. Canning, in a lively and animated speech, to which Mr. Windham replied in a strong vein of irony, in which he ridiculed the recrimination of Mr. Canning, and threw out strong sarcasms on stage effect, grand steps, gestures, and tricks of voice. His arguments against Ministers turned chiefly on the violation of the law of nations. The debate was afterwards protracted to a very great length. On the part of Ministers the chief speakers were Mr. Milnes, Mr. Foster,

Lord Palmerston, Mr. Morris, Mr. Lyttleton, Lord G. L. Gower, Lord Castlereagh, Sir C. Price, and Mr. Davies Geddy. They were answered principally by Mr. Whitbread, Mr. Bathurst, and Mr. T. Grenville. The House divided on Mr. Ponsonby's motion, Ayes 108—Noes 253—Majority for Ministers 145.

On Thursday, Mr. Rose moved for leave to bring in a bill for amending the Act for regulating the office of Treasurer of the Navy, with the view of more effectually preventing the undue application of the balances in his hands.—Leave granted.

On Friday, after some routine business, the subject of the Order in Council gave occasion to a debate, on the motion that the House do resolve itself into a Committee of Ways and Means. Lord Henry Petty attacked them chiefly on the score of their illegality. The Chancellor of the Exchequer replied to his arguments, and maintained that the orders were not illegal, but a fair exercise of his Majesty's war prerogative. Dr. Lawrence endeavoured to prove the illegality of the orders, and the Master of the Rolls their legality. Sir Arthur Piggott arraigned them.

On Monday, Feb. 8, Mr. Whitbread moved for the production of these letters and papers, which Mr. Canning had read garbled extracts, in violation of all delicacy and decorum, on the Wednesday preceding. Mr. Canning replied; and after several Members had spoken, the House divided. For the motion, 73.—Against it, 157.

On Tuesday, some routine business was transacted, some notices given, and some papers were moved for.

On Wednesday, the Chancellor of the Exchequer described to the House the arrangement which he had made with the Bank, respecting, 1st. the management of the public debt; 2dly, the balances of the public money remaining with the bank; and lastly, the unclaimed dividends, and unclaimed lottery prizes, remaining in the custody of the bank. For the management of the public debt, the bank to be allowed at the rate of 343*l.* per million, as it at present stood. When the debt should be farther reduced, the allowance to be 400*l.* per million. This arrangement would eventually prove a saving of 62,000*l.* or 65,000*l.* a year. The bank next was to advance 3,000,000*l.* during the war, on account of the advantages enjoyed in possessing the balances of the public money. It appeared, from the most accurate calculation, that these balances amounted to something between eleven and twelve millions. He then described the amount of the unclaimed dividends from 1791, as amounting to 500,000*l.* Mr. Bankes, and Mr. Tierney urged some objections to the arrangements which had been made.

On Thursday, Sir Francis Burdett introduced a motion for the purpose of ascertaining the amount and application of those sums which had accrued to his Majesty, as Droits of Admiralty, and *Jura Coronæ*, from 1792 to the present date. The Chancellor of the Exchequer objected to the motion in the form in which it was made by the Baronet, and moved as an amendment, for an Account of the Nett Proceeds paid into the Court of Admiralty, as Droits, since the 1st of January, 1793; and of the balance still remaining. Some conversation ensued, when the House divided—the amendment was carried by 82 to 57.

On Friday a number of papers on various subjects were moved for, some notices were given, and some routine business was transacted.

On Monday, February the 15th, the expedition to the Dardanelles became the subject of debate, on the motion of Mr. W. Taylor, for papers to elucidate the subject. Mr. Canning said, there could be no difficulty as to the production of the papers, but he advised the House not to persist in the inquiry. Mr. T. Grenville, in behalf of the Administration under whom that expedition took place, urged the inquiry. On a motion for papers relative to the late conferences with the Prince Regent of Portugal, Mr. Canning stated the doctrine, that the personal communications of Crowned Heads should not be laid before Parliament.

On Tuesday, Mr. Whitbread moved for certain papers relative to the Mediation of Austria between this country and France, and for a copy of the conferences between Lord Hutchinson and the Emperor of Russia. The motion for this last, gave rise to a considerable debate. Lord G. L. Gower, and Mr. Canning resisted the production, and Dr. Lawrence and Mr. Whitbread contended for it.

On Thursday Mr. Sheridan presented a petition from the Grand Jury of the county of Middlesex, complaining of abuses and cruelties in the management of Cold Bath Fields prison. After some conversation it was agreed, on account of an informality, to be withdrawn, in order to be presented in an amended form next day. Another debate took place on the question respecting the Orders in Council, when they were defended by the Advocate General, Mr. Rose, and Lord Castlereagh, and accused

by Mr. Eden, Lord Temple, Mr. Smith, and Lord Henry Petty.

On Friday a variety of papers were moved for, and a variety of notices were given. The House went into a Committee *pro forma* on the Orders in Council, for the purpose of introducing certain amending clauses, which was, however, opposed by the Members who objected to the principle. On a division the numbers were—For the Committee 118,—Against it 32.

The House then went into a Committee of Ways and Means. Mr. Perceval proposed a Duty of 9*d.* additional on every pound of Cotton Wool exported from Great Britain to the Continent of Europe. He next proposed, on the exportation of every Bushel of Salt to the Continent, an Excise Duty of 9*d.* and a Duty of 3*d.* on every Bushel exported to America. Some conversation ensued; and the Resolutions were agreed to, and the Report ordered to be received on Monday.

On Monday February 22d, the Chancellor of the Exchequer expressed his design of giving up the proposed duties on the exportation of salt. Colonel Stanley presented a petition for Peace, from the town of Bolton, in Lancashire, when Mr. Canning stated it as the ardent desire of him and his colleagues to obtain Peace. Leave was given to bring in a Bill for prohibiting the exportation of Cotton Wool, the produce of neutral nations, and of Peruvian bark from this country. The Indian Administration of Marquis Wellesley, in regard to the province of Oude, came under discussion for the first time this session. The point on which the debate turned was, whether the voluminous documents should be referred to a Committee, that they might be reduced to a shape better calculated to enable the House to understand them, or whether the House should proceed to the examination of the question, with the documents in their present state. After a debate, in which Mr. Creevey, Mr. Lushington, Mr. Windham, Sir T. Turton, Sir Samuel Romilly, argued for the Committee, and in which Sir John Anstruther, Mr. R. Thornton, Lord A. Hamilton, and Mr. Grant, urged the propriety of proceeding without any further delay; it was agreed that the consideration of the Oude papers should be entered into on Tuesday se'nnight.

FOREIGN VARIETIES.

SAINT THOMAS, the principal of the Virgin Islands, in the West Indies, is about six leagues in circumference, and belongs to the Brandenburghers and Danes, the former under the protection of the latter. It abounds with potatoes, milk, and manioc, and most sorts of fruit and herbage, especially sugar and tobacco, but is extremely infested with musquitoes and other troublesome vermin. The English had formerly a spacious settlement on it, where some French exiles found a great number of persons of both sexes who had been killed, but not stripped, by the Spaniards. Here are excellent kids, and all sorts of wild fowl, but from the numbers of people, and great plenty of money here, provisions are, as is most commonly the case, dear. Dampier calls it a free port, and a receptacle or sanctuary for privateers; and, indeed, the Danish Monarch's ports, from his being generally a neutral Prince, are open to the shipping of all nations. Here is a safe and commodious harbour, with two natural mounds upon it, calculated, as it were, for placing two batteries at the defence of its entrance. Nearly in the centre of the harbour is a small fort, without ditch or outworks, and the town, which begins about fifty or sixty paces West of it, consists chiefly of one long street, at the end of which is the Danish factory, a large building with convenient warehouses, for the stowage of the goods, as well as the reception of Negroes, in which article they trade with the Spaniards. On the right side of this factory is the Brandenburgh quarter, consisting of two little streets, full o French refugees from Europe and the islands; most of the houses are brick, being built and tiled in the Dutch fashion, yet of but one story, on account of the foundation; where, before they dig to the depth of three feet, they meet with water and quicksands. The trade of this small island, particularly in time of peace, is very considerable, this being the staple for such traffic as the French, English, Dutch, and Spaniards, dare not carry of publicly in their wn islands; and in war time

privateers bring their prizes hither for sale. In 1688, the Dutch factory here was attacked and plundered by the French buccaneers.

ANECDOTE.—An old Indian Chief, who was in the fatal expedition with the British army under General Braddock, when he besieged Ticonderoga, and formed part of the detachment which Gen. Washington saved, dined with the American Fabius, at Mount Vernon, in Virginia; after the repast, the savage hero indicated signs of disappointment, if not disgust. When the venerable General inquired by the interpreter; the cause of his chagrin, the savage stood erect, and told his illustrious host, that some years ago, when he was in the Indian castle, he, the savage, had offered him the embraces of his squaw; and that he was wonderfully surprised that the General had not returned this instance of civility, by a similar offer of Mrs. Washington. The General excused himself, by averring, that it was not the custom of his country. As Mrs. Washington, who was present, understood the tenor of the demand, she became much agitated with terror, which the Indian perceiving, he told her with manly dignity, that she had nothing to fear; as, if the General had complied, he should only have walked up to her to signify his right to this sort of hospitable courtesy, and then bowing, have resigned her to her white Chief.

A Mammoth, in a state of perfect preservation, was lately found near Yakoutska, on the borders of the Frozen Ocean. Part of the flesh, the tusks, ears, and tail, had been cut off by the natives; but the skeleton has been carried to Petersburgh. The head weighs 460lbs.; the horns are 9½ feet long, and weigh 400lbs.; the height of the back is 10½ feet, and the length 16½ feet; the bristles of the back were of a reddish colour, and many of them measured 2 feet 4 inches.

The Chinese method of making their bread is very curious—they neither make use of yeast, nor bake it in the oven. The loaves are composed of nothing more than flour and water, and ranged on bars which are laid across an iron pan, which is placed on a stove. When the water boils, the vessel is covered with something like a shallow tub, and the *steam* of the water, for a few minutes, is all the baking (if we may so call it) which it receives. We understand, however, that it is far from being unpalatable; and in this state the Chinese reckon it most nutritious.

LONDON AND FASHIONABLE VARIETIES.

FASHIONABLE INSTITUTION, ARGYLE-STREET.

DESCRIPTION OF THE ROOMS.

The entrance hall is extremely beautiful, the sides being painted in fresco, representing Corinthian pilasters and compartments, with a verd antique marble basement, and lighted up with an elegant Grecian lamp. From this the company proceed through elegant folding doors covered with crimson, into the vestibule, and from thence up a grand staircase, lined with green cloth, over which is a beautiful morode carpet, bordered with *a-la-grec*. The staircase is lighted up with four Grecian lamps and patent burners; at the head of the staircase is an elegant lounge, designed and painted after the cell of an Athenian Temple, supported by Ionic columns. On the right of this lounge are intersected staircases (which lead to the boxes), covered with crimson cloth, and elegantly illuminated with chandeliers, &c. The first room the company enter is the Turkish room; the floor of which is covered with elegant blue carpets; the sides are hung with blue drapery, and round the room are placed Ottoman sofas. The ceiling is beautifully painted, with an eagle grasping a thunderbolt, from which is suspended a large chandelier. On the left of this room is the Saloon Theatre, one hundred feet long, which is, without exception, the most beautiful of the kind in Europe. The walls are decorated with a grand screen of Corinthian columns in entablature, which supports the cove of the ceiling, representing an open sky. Between each screen of columns is a *basso relievo* ornament, under each of which is a picture of Telemachus's search after his father, Ulysses, attended by his instructor, Mentor. The basement is decorated with curious African marble, and the caps of the columns ornamented and heightened with gold.—From the archtare are suspended six beautiful balloon cut glass chandeliers, each containing twelve wax lights. At the upper end is constructed twenty boxes (for the accommodation

of the patronesses and their friends), decorated with bronze musical figures, on white ground with gold mouldings; each tier is supported by antique bronze and gold fasces; round the front of the boxes are suspended from bronze brackets, representing entwined serpents, eighteen beautiful antique chandeliers, the only of the kind in England. The boxes are trimmed, and lined with scarlet. At the lower end is constructed an elegant, though small stage, the frontispiece of a circular plan, decorated similar in architecture to the Saloon. The scenery is of the most costly kind, and entirely new.

The Orchestra is fitted up on a new construction, opened in the centre by tracery wirework, to admit the sound into the body of the room; on the right of the Turkish room is the grand dining room, the furniture of crimson, with crimson curtains; the ceiling of which is most superbly painted, representing Apollo and the Nine Muses, from which are suspended several elegant cut glass chandeliers and Grecian lamps with patent burners; on the right of this room are several refreshment rooms, all decorated and lighted up in a superior manner; on the ground floor are several beautiful supper rooms, which were superbly lighted up.

The greatest praise is due to the proprietors for the elegance of their designs, as neither expence or labour has been spared in the decorations and embellishments of this noble mansion, as well as for their attention to the comforts of the subscribers. Mr. Cundle, of Lower Brook-street, has completely established his fame as an architect, in the building and decorations of the above place.

A premium is to be offered by "the Society "for the encouragement of Arts, Manufactures, "and Commerce," to the person who, by distillation from any wholesome material, shall, within a given time, produce a spirit that comes nearest to French brandy.

THE LATE MARQUIS OF THOMOND

Was of a most ancient and respectable Irish family. He was nephew and heir to the late Earl of Inchiquin, whose title he bore for many years. So long since as 1753, he married Mary, the eldest daughter of the late Earl, who, on the demise of her mother, became Countess of Orkney. By this lady he had no children. His Lordship was celebrated rather as a *bon vivant* than a fashionable, and for many years had the reputation of being a *six bottle man*. For many years he had a seat in the British House of Commons, as well after as before his accession to the Irish Earldom of Inchiquin. About the year 1794, he was married (his first lady being dead several years) to Miss Palmer, the amiable and accomplished niece of Sir Joshua Reynolds, the bulk of whose fortune she inherited: Mr. Burke acted as father to the bride. In 1804 he was created Marquis of Thomond, in Ireland, and shortly after made a Peer of the United Kingdom, by the title of Baron Thomond. His Lordship was in his 85th year, and to his last hour enjoyed a most enviable state of health. His Irish titles and estates, which are considerable, descend, we believe, to Captain O'Brien, a very near relative. By his Lordship's demise, an azure ribbon, of the Order of St. Patrick, falls to the disposal of Ministers.

A Coroner's Inquest was on Thursday, Feb. 17, held on the body of the deceased, when it appeared in evidence, that his Lordship met his death by a fall from his horse, while turning the corner of Grosvenor-square. He fell upon his head, and a great effusion of blood immediately took place. His Lordship's groom rode up to the assistance of his master, who laid hold of his hand, and grasping it firmly, cried out—"William, William." These were the only words he uttered after his fall. He was taken to the house of Lord Sydney, where he expired in a few minutes. As his Lordship fell, a cart came up, the wheels of which went over his legs; but it was proved that this did not produce his death. Coroner's verdict—*Accidental Death.*

Lady Edward Fitzgerald, once so famous as *Pamela*, the reputed daughter of the late Duke of Orleans, and the *elève* of Madame de Genlis, left this country lately in company with Prince Esterhazy. It appears she was narrowly sought after, both at Dover and on board the vessel, by Sheriff's Officers, who had warrants against her on civil actions. She was concealed in the Prince's carriage among his baggage, and so successfully, that though the carriage itself was searched, she remained undiscovered. She had previously escaped from shore to the vessel in the dress of a sailor.

NAVAL ANECDOTE.—The following is an additional proof of the bravery of our Naval Commanders:—In the action between Lord Anson and M. de Jonquiese, in 1747, when the Bristol began to engage the Invincible, Capt. Fincher, in the Pembroke, endeavoured to get in between her and the enemy; but not finding room enough so to do, Capt. Fincher hailed the Bristol, and requested Capt. Montagu to put his helm a-starboard, or the Pembroke

would run foul of his ship; to this Capt. Montagu replied, "Run foul of me, and be d—d; "neither you, nor any man in the world, shall "come between me and my enemy."—When the Bristol had fairly silenced the Invincible, Capt. Montagu ordered his sails to be set, and went on to a fresh attack, cheering his gallant crew by saying, in the Sportsman's style, "Come, my brave boys, we must have ano- "ther bird of them."

PROVINCIAL VARIETIES.

CAMBRIDGE, FEB. 5.—The Rev. Edward Pearson, Rector of Rempstone, Notts, and formerly Fellow and Tutor of Sydney College, was on Sunday unanimously elected Master of that Society. The late Dr. Smith's prizes of 25*l.* each, for two commencing Bachelors of Arts, proficients in Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, are this year adjudged to Mr. Bickersteth, of Caius, and Mr. M. Bland, of St. John's, the first and second wranglers. The subjects appointed by the Vice-Chancellor for Sir William Browne's prize medals, for the present year, are for the epigrams, *Beautus vulnere.* Alcaics, *Finibus expulsum patriis, nova regna petentem.*—Sapphics, *Veres comites.*

At the Annual Meeting of the Bath and West of England Agricultural Society in December last, Mr. Sitwell made the following communication:—"Mr. Sitwell, has found, that a disease in calves, called *the Navel Ill*, or *an inflammation of the navel string*, that takes place between the first and ninth day after birth, is very prevalent in various districts, and in every instance fatal. He has been fortunate to find a cure, which is as follows:—Immediately on the calf being ill, he gives, in one table spoonful of bark, 150 drops of laudanum, and one wine-glass of port-wine. Every four hours he foments the inflamed part with marsh mallows, or cammomile flowers. The following morning he gives, in new milk, two tea-spoons of rhubarb. He repeats the bark, laudanum, and wine at night, and the rhubarb the following morning; which has hitherto effected a cure. Mr. Sitwell suggested, that tying a ligature round the navel string immediately after birth, and cutting off the remaining part may be in some degree a means of prevention, but not to be depended on."

Oil of any description may be purified by mixing it with an equal quantity of water in which oak bark, or some other tanning, has been infused, agitating it violently, and applying to the liquid a boiling heat for about a quarter of an hour, when the oil is to be scummed off.—The refuse of fish oil, from the above process, is used in making plaster or stucco, or in paints, putty, &c. it is likewise an excellent ingredient for blacking for leather, such refuse being insoluble in water, and consequently resisting water.

A beautiful specimen of virgin gold was lately found in a tin stream-work in Cornwall. It is about the length and thickness of a little lady's little finger, though less regularly formed, and weighs about two ounces. Its intrinsic value is equal to nine guineas; but, as a specimen, it is invaluable; for though gold has been frequently found in the stream-works, and that in larger quantities than is generally known, that is unquestionably the largest and most beautiful specimen ever found in Cornwall.

A merchant at Paisley has obtained a patent for a stove for heating air, as the means of warming an apartment; the front is also made of transparent materials, allowing the heat and light to pass into the room, but excluding the smoke and dust.

Extract of a description of the mineral bason in the counties of Monmouth, Glamorgan, Brecon, Carmarthen and Pembroke, by Mr. Edward Martin:—"In this bason are 23 seams of coal, from 18 inches to 9 feet in thickness, besides several of inferior dimensions. The total thickness of the coal in the above 23 seams is 95 feet; the average extent of each is about 1000 square miles, from which, in the usual way of working, may be obtained 64,000,000 tons per mile. Interposed between several of these strata are beds of nodular iron ore, with which the numerous iron forges in this district are supplied. The external boundaries of this bason are banks of limestone."

The following is a receipt for making the celebrated Marseilles Vinegar, which is an

antidote to the Fever:—Take of the essential oil of true rosemary, and wormwood, each a dram, dilute them with about one half table spoonful of spirits of wine. Infuse in an earthern pot (in a moderate heat) a handful of sage in a quart of distilled vinegar, till the vinegar has extracted a good deal of strength from the sage, strain it through a flannel and add the diluted oils, then dissolve a quarter of an ounce of camphor in one and a half ounces of spirits of wine; care must be taken in mixing this; it must be added a little at a time, shaking it well each time. It must be well shaken before it is used—with this wash the face, loins and mouth, and on approaching infected persons or places, smell a sponge dipt in it, wear also a little camphor in a bag near the stomach. It would be well if those who can, would assist the poor by giving them of the above, or the means of procuring it. It might, with the blessing of God, be the means of saving valuable lives.

The Rev. Mr. Hall lately, while at Elchies, on the North-west bank of the Spey, about fifteen miles from Elgin, witnessed a most extraordinary emigration of eels. For three successive days he observed a number of small eels, which he estimates at 280,000, pass up the Spey, in lines of about 10 abreast, at regular distances, and guarded by larger eels. The small eels were about three and a half inches long, and moved near the surface of the water, close to the bank; their guards were about six inches long, and kept in deeper water. They began their journey each day an hour before sun-rise, and terminated it before dark, when, by a kind of signal, they all at once hid themselves in the sand or mud for miles at the same instant. Mr. Hall could not ascertain whence they came, or whither they were going, but reports the order and regularity of their progress to be equal to that of any body of troops he ever witnessed.

In consequence of our intercourse with Russia being suspended, R. Crawshay, Esq. of Merthyr, Glamorganshire, has suggested, as the earliest, most effectual, and most profitable methods of reclaiming marsh lands in general, the sowing of hemp, which, in a year or two, usually leaves the soil firm enough for potatoes, or even corn. At the last Quarter Sessions for Glamorgan, a subscription was accordingly commenced for supporting an experiment to the extent of fifty acres, to which Mr. Crawshay gave 500*l*.

INCREASE OF BEES.—The following easy method of taking the honey, without destroying the bees, was communicated by a respectable French Priest, who asserts, that it is generally adopted throughout France:—In the dusk of the evening, when the bees are quietly lodged, approach the hive, and turn it gently over, having steadily placed it in a small pit previously dug to receive it, with its bottom uppermost, cover it with a clean new hive, which had been previously prepared, with two small sticks across its middle, and rub it with aromatic herbs. Having carefully adjusted the mouth of each hive to the other, so that no aperture remains between them, take a small stick and beat gently round the sides of the lower hive for about ten minutes or a quarter of an hour, in which time the bees will leave their cells in the lower hive, ascend and adhere to the upper one. Then gently lift the new hive, with all its little tenants, and place it on the stand from whence the other hive was taken. This should be done in the week preceding Midsummer-day, that the bees may have time, before the summer flowers are faded, to lay in a new stock of honey, which they will not fail to do, for their subsistence through the winter. As many as have the humanity and good sense to adopt this practice, will find their reward in the increase of their stock, and their valuable produce.

An inquest has been held on view of the body of Richard Andrews, a prisoner in the House of Correction, at Peterborough. It appeared that he, about ten months since, enlisted into the Royal Marines, and was sent on board a ship at Chatham, whence he shortly afterwards made his escape, and returned to the neighbourhood of Whittlesey, where he was enlisted: having reason, however, to imagine he was suspected of being a deserter, he wandered about nearly three weeks, sometimes passing the nights in barns, and sometimes behind haystacks, until at last he was apprehended. The corporal who took him, perceiving that his legs and feet were in a very bad state, from having been exposed to the cold, did not convey him to prison, but hand-cuffed him and placed a centinel over him. Andrews, however, found means to elude the vigilance of his guard during the night, and crept out of the house to a neighbouring yard, where he lay concealed three days and three nights in the late inclement weather. On the fourth day, when found and taken, he was almost starved to death, having several of his toes nearly frozen off. On being taken to prison at Peterborough, medical assistance was procured for him, but in vain. Verdict—Died from a mortification brought on by intense cold.

BIRTHS.

The Consort of his Royal Highness the Crown Prince was safely delivered of a Princess, at Kiel, in Saxony, Jan. 17, in consequence of which the cannon was fired at noon, and *Te Deum* was sung.

At Riegate, the Honourable Mrs. Barnes, of a daughter.

The Countess of Moira, of a son and heir.

At Lady Frances Harpur's, the Lady of Wm. Jenney, Esq. of a daughter.

MARRIAGES.

The Countess of Stolberg Winzingerode, formerly Abbess of Druberg, to M. de Schoenberg, Chamberlain to the King of Saxony.—Countess Christiana of Stolberg has taken possession of the Abby of Druberg.

At Mucclestone, John Fenton Boughey, Esq. of Aqualate Hall, Staffordshire, only son of Sir Thomas Fletcher, of Betley, Bart. to Miss Chetwode, eldest daughter of Sir John Chetwode, of Oakley, Bart. and grand-daughter to the Earl of Stamford and Warrington.

At Raveningham, Norfolk, Capt. Hodge, of the 7th light dragoons, to Miss Maria Bacon, youngest daughter of Sir Edmund Bacon, Premier Baronet of England.

Madame Parisot, the celebrated dancer, to J. Hughes, Esq.; the lady is said to be threescore years of age, and to have retired from *public life* with threescore thousand pounds!

On the 11th ult. at St. Andrew's, Holborn, Mr. Charles Coutts, of New-street-square, to Miss Isabella Langford, of Wandsworth, Surrey.

At Harewood, Mr. John Benson, of East Keswick, aged 75, to Mrs. Fowler, of the same place, aged 85.—The loving couple appeared in the highest spirits when going to pay their devoirs at the altar of Hymen. She has 2000*l.* almost all in gold, hoarded together during the last century, and put under a large flag stone.

At Salisbury, Mr. Butcher, to Miss Baker; Mr. Brewer (her uncle) gave away the bride, and Mr. Painter was the officiating clergyman.

DEATHS.

The Duchess of Mecklenburgh Schwerin, daughter of the late Duke of Saxe-Gotha, on the 1st instant.

The 20th ult. at Amisfield, the Right Hon. Francis Lord Elcho.

On the 21st inst. at half-past six o'clock in the evening, General Lord Lake, at his residence in Lower Brook-street. His Lordship was taken ill at the Court-Martial on Thursday, at Chelsea; and it was not until the preceding morning that he was pronounced in a dangerous state.

At Gordon's Hotel, after a few days illness, of a violent attack upon his lungs, Col. Wm. Fullarton, deeply lamented by his numerous relatives and friends as an irreparable loss.

The Right Hon. George Evelyn Boscawen, Viscount Falmouth, at Bath, in the 50th year of his age.

On the 29th of January, at his seat in the county of Sligo, Sir Malby Crofton, Bart. after a lingering and painful illness, that had confined him to his bed nearly the whole of the last 25 years of his life, and rendered existence a tedious burthen, which, however, he bore, even with a cheerful resignation. His illness principally arose from the extreme hardships he endured at the seige of Quebec, with the glorious and immortal General Wolfe.

Lately, of a liver complaint and bilious fever, at her house in Lower Brook-street, the Countess of Euston.

On the 31st Jan. aged 54, Mr. John Lincoln, merchant, of Beccles, whose death was occasioned by imprudently plunging his feet into cold water, during a paroxysm of the gout.

Lately, at Bucknall, Staffordshire, Mr. T. Ash, aged 92, who has left to deplore his loss 11 children, whose ages amount to 664 years—47 grand children, ages amounting to 1330 years—48 great grand children, ages amounting to 433 years—and 1 great great grand child, exclusive of a grand son by marriage, aged 76.

At Rozelle, Ayrshire, the seat of the Countess Dowager of Craufurd and Lindsay, on the 30th of January last, the Right Hon. George Lindsay Craufurd, Earl of Craufurd and Lindsay, Viscount Garnock, Lord Lieutenant of the county of Fife, Colonel of the Fifeshire militia, and a Major-General in the army.

At Clea, Lincolnshire, Mrs. F. Bridlington, a maiden lady; she had lived in the most penurious manner; but after her decease, upwards of three thousand four hundred guineas (in gold) two pieces of 3*l.* 12*s.* some silver coin, and a great number of farthings, were found concealed in her house, curiously wrapped up in parcels, enclosed in small linen bags, and containing about 100*l.* each. This treasure she is supposed to have been forty years in collecting.—The weight of the whole was five stone two pounds. She was also possessed of land to the amount of 5000*l.* It is uncertain who is the heir at law.

At Keilles, in Scotland, Janet M'Naughton, in her 108th year. She was a native of the parish of Dull, and had lived in three centuries.

LE BEAU MONDE.

TO THE EDITOR OF LE BEAU MONDE.

Sir,

AS I observe that you always allot a portion of your elegant work to the lighter concerns of the great world, and that you have already afforded much amusement to many of your readers, by some entertaining accounts which you published last year of the gaieties that exhibit themselves at Bath, I venture to send you a *Bath Parody* on *Gray's* famous *Elegy*. This Parody, which is the composition of a fashionable friend of mine, has already afforded much amusement in the higher circles at Bath, and may probably be diverting to those of your subscribers, who can allow themselves to unbend from the gravity of classical and political matter, and to enjoy those little trifles which give so much gaiety to the world we live in. I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

Hilaris.

MEDITATION OF A TRAVELLER IN A STAGE-COACH, LEAVING BATH: BEING A PARODY ON GRAY'S ELEGY IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

The chain-bound wheel drags creaking o'er the steep,
The raw-boned hacks wind slowly o'er the lea,
The weary travellers nod themselves to sleep
And leave the coach to dullness and to me.

Now fades the much-lov'd valley from my sight,
And nothing breaks my dull desponding dream,
Save when the coach-whip cuts it cracking flight,
And drowsy bells announce a coming team:

Save that from either window of the coach
The grumbling cit does to the guard complain
Of landlords, long expecting our approach,
Who tempt the driver to descend again.

Beneath that heavy hill, that horrid height,
Where, steepy sloping, rises Oxford Row *,
Each in her chair inserted bolt upright,
To many a dance the well-dressed Misses go.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The finished supper or the sleepy head,
Or, the sad servant sitting up forlorn,
Shall not induce them to return to bed.

For them at home no cheerful embers burn:
They scorn the housewife and her evening care;
No younger children wait their gay return,
Nor watch in hopes the quiet meal to share.

Oft did the gay on Thursday evenings meet †,
Their swift cotillons often hid the ground,
How jocund did they ply their nimble feet,
How bent the boards beneath their agile bound!

Let no grave card play'r mock their useful toil,
Their waste of mornings, and their merry play,
No scribbler hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the gay.

The skill of whist, the critic's splendid power,
And all that reading, all that thought e'er gave,
Are meant alike to pass away an hour—
And learning's works can solace but the *grave*.

Nor you, ye dashing few ‡, contemn their doom,
If crowds for them no rapturous plaudits raise,
While, at the bottom of the crowded room,
Your nobler dancing swell the note of praise.

Will all your footing on this busy stage
Improve your footing on the stage of life?
Will steps like yours retard the steps of age,
Or fiddling lull the jars of man and wife?

At Lower Rooms, perhaps, there may be met,
Grace that would shine in Bladud's brightest hall:
Feet that had honoured e'en the highest set,
Or led *cotillons* at a private ball!

* A hilly street in Bath, near the Rooms.

† Thursdays are the evenings of the *Cotillon* balls at Bath.

‡ A few of the best dancers among the most fashionable people usually compose select sets at the lower end of the ball-room.

But bright Deshayes had never turned their knees,
And Gayton did their lowly race contemn:
Lord A. encouraged not such folks as these,
And Lady B. was not at home to them!

Full many a beauty, by the world unseen,
Has failed to dazzle on an opera night:
Full many a dancer of accomplished mien,
Has found no grace in fashionable sight.

Some brilliant B—e*, who with her might share,
The praise of glittering step, and easy flow:
Some feather-shouldered English † Cocardiere,
Some Crampton‡, sweeping on magestic toe.

The applause of thronged spectators to command,
To scorn the tales of Envy's spiteful brood,
To dance to tunes which they themselves have planned,
And fancy figures for the public good,

Their lot forbade; the fates supremely wise,
Their fame, their fashion, and their sins confined,
Forbade to deal destruction with their eyes,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind!

Tho' modest pangs of struggling truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
To vie with duchesses in pomp and pride,
And swell the calendar of evil fame!

Far from the crescent's gay and busy scene
Their vulgar wishes never learned to stray;
And near the pump-room, or the abbey green,
They keep the noisy tenor of their way.

But yet, e'en these, from insult to protect,
§ Le Bas makes call from morn till set of sun,
And, with white hat and dirty ribband decked,
Implores the tribute of the one pound one!

Their name, their lodging, in the pump-book found,
The place of birth and dignity supply:
And many a gaping *quidnunc* hobbles round,
To leave a memorandum ere he die:

For who, that reads the papers of the place,
His own arrival would not wish to find?

Affords no scandal to a future race,
Nor leaves some note of character behind?

Some few acquaintance all men may command?
May romp with girls, or drink with men below:
E'en with our doctor we may chattering stand,
E'en from the waiters claim the wonted bow.

For thee, who mindful of thy friends so dear,
Dost in these lines their glittering life relate,
If chance, when thou no longer shalt be here,
Some kindred spirit shall enquire thy fate.

Haply, some gay inhabitant may say,
Oft have I seen him dance till peep of dawn,
Kicking from painted floors the chalk away,
While ladies' chaperons would sit and yawn!

Oft in the crescent, when the sun was high,
And sprightly people took their morning walk,
The youth would lounge, some pretty misses nigh,
Or hold some politician deep in talk.

Oft at the Upper Rooms on ‖ Thursday morn,
To some cotillion he his aid would lend:
At night his face was woeful and forlorn,
When, at eleven o'clock, the ball must end.

One morn I missed him, when I took the air,
Along the crescent, where he loved to be;
Another came—nor in St. James's-square,
Nor at the rooms nor libraries was he.

The next, I heard, that just two days before,
From Bath to town in doleful mood he went,
And just now, knocking at his lodging door,
I read this letter which he lately sent.

" Here fagging sits, immur'd in Lincoln's Inn,
" A youth to fortune and to fame unknown:
" The muses frowned not on his early pen;
" But law, the harpy, marked him for her own.

" His politics were free, he hated guile—
" Perhaps the recompense may ne'er be sent;
" He gave to friendship all he had, a smile—
" He asked from heav'n—a seat in Parliament!

" No longer seek his merits to disclose
" Nor draw his fancy from its thorny path;
" There, with Lord Coke, contented he must prose,
" And Christmas next shall bring him back to Bath!"

* Miss B—e, the most elegant dancer of the present year.

† M. De la Cocardiere, a French Officer, and prisoner at large, who dances admirably.

‡ The celebrated Captain Crampton, who has so much distinguished himself at the fashionable masquerades in London.

§ The Master of the Ceremonies at the Lower Rooms.

‖ On a Thursday morning, at the Rooms, the ladies and gentlemen practise the figures which they are to dance at night.

EVENING FULL DRESS

Engraved exclusively for Le Beau Monde or Literary & Fashionable Magazine March 1808.

FASHIONS

FOR MARCH, 1808.

LADIES' DRESSES.

Fig. No. 1.—*Evening Full Dress.*—A soft satin, of a beautiful amber and brown shot, worn over a sarsnet slip, made with a short train, a quarter and an half in length on the ground; the back of the dress is short and square; the sleeves are made in straight stripes down the arm, with a row of amber and white satin; they are quite plain, and worn close to the arm, long sleeves confined round the wrists, with pearl bracelets; a French body of white satin, fastened in the centre of the bosom with a pearl broach, confined to the shape, and drawn down at each side of the neck, with pearl clasps to correspond. A broad band from the centre of the bosom, confined round the waist, laced behind, and cut with a peak to fasten in the middle of the back. The front of the dress is made in one complete piece; the front is brought straight across the bosom, and the satin body is placed over it, which forms a satin tucker to the bosom. A rich drapery of white lace is thrown carelessly over the shoulders. The hair is dressed in a new style; ornamented with a pearl crown placed over the right eye, necklace, and bracelets to correspond; French kid gloves, and white satin shoes.

Fig. No. 2.—*Opera Full Dress.*—A simple white muslin gown, made with a short train, and enricked round the bottom with a superb border of ruby foil, made perfectly plain, with a square back, and loose front, gathered into a band of white satin; the shoulder straps are also of white satin, which continue round the back; the sleeves are made short to cover only the top of the shoulder, gathered into a band of white satin, with scarcely any fullness to correspond. The dress is worn over white satin; a rich India ruby mantle, edged with gold, is suspended over the left shoulder, and conceals the arm. The hair is dressed plain, with a ruby handkerchief, tastefully placed across the head. Cornelian necklace and ear-rings. Shoes to correspond with the mantle and head-dress.

GENTLEMEN'S DRESSES.

The Evening Dress of the circles of fashion still continues to be dark blue coats, with large gilt buttons, with either a velvet collar, or of the same cloth, according to the fancy of the wearer; white quilting Marseilles waistcoat, single breasted; and light drab kerseymere breeches, with covered buttons and silk strings at the knees.

Such has been the prevailing dress during the month of February; and, as far as colours are worn, will, doubtless, continue for the present; but the approach of Lent will, in its usual course, introduce the wearing of black suits, as the most genteel and most proper Evening Dress, in all polite parties. The coat will, of course, be made double-breasted, and in the same stile of fashion as the coloured coats, and with covered buttons; and, though black kerseymere waistcoats and breeches may be considered genteel, black silk Florentine will be more gentlemanly and fashionable.

For Morning Dress we observe many browns or mixtures, and the most fashionable are single breasted, with collars of the same cloth, and white plaited buttons; plain buff kerseymere or stripe toilinet waistcoats still take the lead in preference to scarlet; drab colour ribbed kerseymere breeches, with gilt buttons and brown top boots; or plain drab colour kerseymere pantaloons, with Hessian boots.

Dark olive colour cloth great coats, single breasted, with covered buttons, and collars of the same cloth; the forepart and skirts lined with silk of the same colour; and if with the addition of brown fur cuffs and collar the more fashionable. Silk loops on the forepart, with silk barrel buttons, and a trimming on the hip of the same, as mentioned in our last, constitute what may be termed a dress great coat for the Opera or Public Assemblies.

MODERN FURNITURE.

The classical ornaments introduced in furniture, are now more closely than ever confined to the Grecian and the Etruscan; the Egyptian having been so badly understood, it has fallen into disrepute, although possessing many beauties for particular apartments, and capable of producing the most grand effect for candle light embellishment; the latter alone requiring the

capabilities of an artist of great taste and information.

The Gothic style being so well adapted to country mansions, will always be partially used in England. Its ornaments and component parts are in themselves extremely elegant, and capable of producing great effect, they require taste alone in the selection, to produce a pleasing composition. Such decoration should be wholly confined to gold, on a royal blue, or crimson grounds, or on oak, or scarlet grounds, in which case the decoration intended for the walls should follow the same style.—Painted glass should be avoided, in colours as various as a rainbow; we allude to the gaudy manner of fitting up gothic windows, now so much in request, two colours at most being necessary. These colours may be opposed, so as to form shades of the same colour, as are so well managed in the Colleges at Oxford, the effect of which need only be seen to produce its adoption. We hope to see the taste of this country carried to a greater pitch of excellence than that which now exists in France. England may now boast of its mechanics; at no period did there exist so great a portion of talents in this country; we mean among the natives, and not foreigners.

SPORTING BIOGRAPHY.

MARCHIONESS OF SALISBURY.

MAN, that monopolizer! has often endeavoured to secure to himself the best delights of social and of savage life. In the Forest or Savannah, where nature's children roam at will, the *sports* of the field are his, whilst the labour is the lot of his meek helpmate; *he* courses down his prey, or arrests it in its flight with the winged arrow of death; *she* carries home the spoil, dresses and cooks it for her lordly master, whilst he in sullen, and in savage pomp, receives her services. In social life 'tis the same, arrogating to himself what he calls the *manly* sports, to her he leaves the distaff and the needle.

Nature never intended this separation of the amusements of the two sexes; we are always happy therefore to see individuals of rank, fortune, and fashion, who have sense and fortitude to break through the trammels of custom, and who by elegant arrangement, and judicious example can approximate the sexes, without refining man into effeminacy, or roughning the softer sex into the opposite extreme.—Arrangements of this kind, soften down the boisterous asperities of the one sex, whilst they add the chearful glow of exercise and health to the other. Among the many, who deserve our notice from these considerations, no one stands so conspicuous as the most noble the Marchioness of Salisbury, whose elegant hospitalities at Hatfield, have rendered it not only the summer residence of the muses, but have consecrated its lawns, and woodland covers to Dian and her nymphs, whilst its groves, re-echo to the sportive horn, and all its powers, to social mirth and harmony.

'Tis not in the limits of a sporting sketch to enumerate the various claims of her Ladyship on society, for respect and esteem; her well-known rank, both by birth, and matrimonial alliance, render the first unnecessary, the latter is chronicled in the bosoms of those who have been charmed by her conversation, enlivened by her hospitality, cheered by her friendship, relieved by her bounty, or animated to exertion, by her exhilarating example *in the field!*

The well-known Salisbury Hunt, has long enlivened Hatfield and an extensive range of sporting country, extending from St. Albans in one direction, to the borders of Leicestershire, into which it could not intrude without trespassing on the Meynell covers, so long famous in the annals of hunting.

We believe it is nearly thirty years since this pack was established by subscription under the patronage of the Marchioness, and supported by the sportsman-like exertions of a Brand, a Hall, a Halsey, &c.

According to the season, these hounds are kept at Hatfield, in Hertfordshire, or at Luton Hoo, in Bedfordshire, in the neighbourhood of Mr. Brand's seat, under the direction of old King the huntsman, well known for many years in the sporting world.

In the season, these hounds are hunted regularly twice a week, and every gentleman fond of the sport, who chuses to attend, is sure of a hearty welcome in the field.

It is the opinion of the best sportsmen, that there are no hounds in the kingdom more famous for mettle and bottom than those of the Salisbury Hunt; owing not only to the judicious

THE MARCHIONESS of SALISBURYS HUNT.

selection, but also to the care and attention of old King, whose cool judgment in laying on, and ardour in the chace, have endeared him to every sportsman in the neighbourhood.

From the nature of the country, the sport is at all times excellent, and has been peculiarly so this season. Our artist, who designed the annexed plate, has selected one of the hardest runs that was ever known by the oldest followers of these hounds, and being in himself at the death, he chose that auspicious moment when the jovial ho-hoop, strikes like the electrical fire to the bosom of the dashing sportsman, whilst it excites envy and chagrin in the heart of the *heavy blue*, who comes puffing in at a dead gallop to join in the woodland chorus. 'Tis not to sly reynard alone, that the Marchioness pays her devoirs; coursing is also her favourite amusement.

In this pursuit, the season is dedicated to sportsman-like hospitality; and the charming park and domain of Hatfield are thrown open with liberal condescension to the neighbouring sportsmen. Her Ladyship does not, with fastidious pride, confine the sports of the day to her own greyhounds, but every dog brought to the spot, is allowed to try his luck, after being matched and chosen by the judge for the day.

Every season, one day is selected for the accommodation of Mr. Bryant, the landlord of the Salisbury Arms Inn, and for the gratification of his friends, who are invited to the sport, and afterwards adjourn to his house to spend the evening in conviviality and social mirth.

This is called Mr. Bryant's day, but every day is the Marchioness's day, as she makes it hers, by flattering attention, and the most marked affability to every one around her, without departing from that dignified reserve so necessary to the woman of fashion.

Her domestic virtues and attention to the manners, the health, and happiness of her blooming daughters, are too well known to need a comment; we shall therefore just observe, that her ladyship was born in the year 1751, and is daughter to the first Marquis of Downshire; in 1773 she married the present Marquis of Salisbury, by whom she has two daughters.

It may appear invidious to mention a lady's age, but what are years? when health, content, and a cheerful good humour, can always give a glow to the fading cheek.

We understand that a complete series of paintings representing a day's coursing at Hatfield, from the pencil of an amateur sportsman, are nearly finished; as the subject must be interesting to the sporting world, it is to be hoped, that they may be made public, with every decoration which engraving can bestow.

SPORTING VARIETIES.

THE MALTON COURSING MEETING.—This Meeting, after having been put by at the close of last year, and the beginning of this by a succession of storms, and which continued nearly through the whole of this season, has had at length a fair field opened for the sporting world.

Tuesday, Major Topham's yellow and white dog, Galliard, beat Sir T. Slingsby's white dog. This was a very long and severe course of upwards of two miles, in which Galliard shewed all his former celebrity, and was allowed to run as well as ever he was seen to do. In two matches made on the ground, Major Topham's black dog Ormond (son of old Snowball) beat Sir T. Slingsby's Queen; and Major Topham's Snake, by Wonder, beat Sir T. Slingsby's b. Myrtle, who won the cup last November, then beating him.

Wednesday, a bye coursing day in Settrington-field, afforded much sport; and some very fine courses were run by the dogs who had no immediate matches upon them.

Thursday, the Prize Cup was started for.—Mr. Mellish and Sir T. Slingsby were the Tryers. Snowdrop was allowed to win the cup in as gallant a manner as ever his father did before him. Mr. Mellish's b. b. Addella beat Major Topham's yellow and white bitch, Fly, daughter of Galliard. Sir F. Boynton's black and white bitch, Fairmaid, beat Mr. Acklom's b. dog, Thunder. For a Piece of Plate, value eight guineas, Mr. Mellish's b. bitch, Adella, by Old Snowball, beat Major Topham's Galliard. Betting, at starting, in favour of Galliard, but won in a very surprising style by the bitch.

On Monday, Feb. 1, Mr. Lowndes Stone's

harriers had the most complete chace known in the annals of hare-hunting for many years past. Mr. Lowndes Stone had appointed to throw off at Bandage Way, in the neighbourhood of Tetsworth: the hounds no sooner arrived at the place of meeting, than a hare started from her form, and darting like an arrow through Wheatfield grounds, appeared to be making for the coppice at Lord Charles Spencer's, but suddenly turning to the left, she bent her course through Wheatfield farm towards Adwell, and (passing by all the small covets in Adwell enclosures) she made her way immediately for the turnpike road, which she crossed at the foot of Postcomb-hill, and skirting Postcomb-field, arrived at Chalford enclosures, which she passed without stopping, and immediately proceeded to Chalford open field, over which she scoured like a fox, and seemed to be making her point towards Aston village, when turning to left, she flew over the open country by the villages of Kingston, Oakley, Crowell, and Chinnor, and making a circle over Chinnor common, she pointed directly for Emmington, where it was feared she would be lost, as that place is a preserve for hares belonging to Philip Wykham, Esq. Poor puss had, however, run her course; for, having squatted in the first hedge on entering the Manor of Emmington, and upon the hounds coming consequently to a check, she made one effort, jumped out of her hiding place, and died. The whole of this run was performed, without a check, in an hour and ten minutes; and it is a remarkable instance of equality of strength and speed in a pack of hounds, that (except during five minutes in passing Adwell enclosures, when a fresh hare jumped up and divided the pack) not a hound tailed, or was out of his place during the whole run; one might (according to the old expression) have thrown a sheet over them. Not so the horsemen, who, taken by surprise at the rapidity with which the hounds set off, and the sudden turn they made, had not an opportunity of starting fair with them, and were therefore thrown out for some litte time: those, however, who were well acquainted with the country, soon made up their lee-way, and (notwithstanding the depth of ground) lay very well with the hounds during the remainder of the chace. We noticed in at the death of the hare Richard Clerke, John Fane, jun. John Spencer, Esqrs. and Wm. Lowndes Stone, Esq. Master of the hounds. The horses, as may be supposed, after a frost, were not in perfect order for so severe a gallop, but the prudent management of the riders brought them in very well; and another very good run finished the day's sport without injury to the hounds or horses.

The match made for the Young Phenomena mare, the property of Mr. Bowen, to trot eight miles in half an hour, was decided on the Watford road. She was 31 minutes performing the distance, and consequently lost.

A fox broke cover before the hounds of Mr. Wilson, of Hawkshead, and after a severe run of many miles, in the course of which the wily efforts of reynard to escape, could only be prevented by the superior sagacity and excellence of the hounds, when the fox had nearly attained his old retreat, he was so far exhausted and hard pressed, as to leap into an old coal-pit, where he was soon afterwards followed by two of the foremost hounds. A rope being soon procured, an intrepid collier consented to go down and learn the fate of poor reynard and the hounds; on his reaching the bottom, he found the fox and one of the hounds lying peaceably together, but the other killed by the fall; by the assistance of the hunters the collier was hauled to the surface with the fox in one gripe, and the live dog in the other.

We have heard that Lancaster races will be renewed this year, a new course being nearly completed, under a committee of gentlemen chosen for that purpose.—The races at that place used to be very well attended, and were supported by the present Duke of Norfolk, then Lord Surrey, Sir Archibald Hamilton, and the first families in the neighbourhood.

PEDESTRIANISM.—Mr. Downe, the pedestrian, finished his Herculean labours within two miles of Beaconsfield, but under such circumstances, as probably will not induce him again to attempt a similar performance. He had ten days to perform 400 miles, a task unprecedented, and the weather was unfavourable. Mr. Downe was so much fatigued on Wednesday night, that it was feared he would not be able to proceed on his journey the other two days. He went, however, to Farnborough, Oxon, on Thursday evening, and retired to rest in a feverish state. Friday, the last day, was a trial of strength: He started at four o'clock in the morning, and his friends had but faint hopes of his success. After 17 hours labour, having stopped about every three miles, Mr. Downe completed his task, which was for 100 guineas!

A stake-holder is not justifiable in retaining the stakes on a bet, because the bet itself is illegal; at least it has been so determined in the Marshalsea Court lately.